

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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PLANS FOR PEACETIME

ONE of the most interesting proposals brought before the British Association last week was that of Mr. Christopher Turnor. It is based on the assumption, probably correct, that when the war is over, vast numbers of soldiers whose life previous to enlistment had been spent in town shops and factories will refuse to go back to their old employment. Their training for the front showed among other things, that the anæmic townsman, after a course of abundant exercise and hard training and living in the open air, developed a ruddy, full-blooded manhood. Having tasted the pleasures and discovered the effects of an outdoor life, desks and counters will be repugnant to them evermore. All may not be of this way of thinking, but a proportion, large or small, certainly will, and Mr. Turnor's proposition is that preparation should be made to permit of the establishment on the land of those who wish it. With Mr. Turnor's view we have the fullest sympathy. Not only do those who have served their

country well at the hour of need deserve this consideration, but it is for the national well-being that the wish should be granted. The war has taught the unspeakable value of men, and the men most needed are those brought up under a healthy country environment. But though heartily agreeing with the main idea, we are not so sure about the best way of realising it. Mr. Turnor's suggestion is for the making of "settlements," and, however good, these must be more or less artificial in character. It is more in keeping with the genius of British statesmanship that population should be induced to flow naturally in the given direction than it would be to legislate for the purpose of forcing such a movement.

Moreover, the alternative we suggest meets a great want of the hour. It is no secret that a change of far-reaching importance has lately come over the plans and ideals of the great political leaders, to whatever party they belong. Schemes, ambitions, politics and reforms that bulked very large in the public eye before the war have been shrinking into the background as matters of little intrinsic and no immediate importance. The dominating view of the moment is that provision should be made for meeting the cost of the war. Circumstances which are well understood, and therefore need no enumeration at the moment, demand that by home development and not by foreign trade should the new wealth be created. Within the realm of Britain it might be done. If that be so—and nobody with the slightest right to speak will deny it—then attention should be focussed on our fields, since it is a unanimously accepted axiom that all wealth comes from the land. The manner of its coming, speaking in the broadest way, is by more intensive cultivation. A glance at the huge bill we pay annually for foreign foodstuffs will show that, at any rate, here is scope provided nowhere else. Now is there any reasonable excuse for doubting the possibility of our doing so? We have a soil and climate second to none in the world for productive purposes. What is necessary is a general speeding up. British methods of cultivation are too largely extensive. In other words, the policy most commonly pursued is that of saving as much as possible on the cost of cultivation and being content with very small profits. Everybody knows it to be a rotten policy, adopted merely to tide over the period of low prices. Probably the worst examples of extensive cultivation are those in which arable was put down to poor grass. This enables the farmer to bring his expenses to a minimum, and he thought he got on very well if there was no loss. But from the national and economic point of view there followed the deplorable result that the land had depreciated in value. It became a less effective producer of food, and therefore a national asset of less worth. A short-sighted and false economy in labour and in manure went hand in hand. The bounty of the earth's return is always in proportion to the liberality of its treatment. Put into it work and manure it, and it will give back plenty.

A help towards more intensive cultivation was accentuated in a paper read to the Association on manure from peat treated with bacteria. Experiments have been going on at Kew for the last three years with satisfactory results. Of course, a laboratory proof does not always hold good in the open field, but that is simply because it needs adjustment to practical conditions. More scientific manuring is a great step onward to intensive cultivation. It will make field work approximate more and more to garden work and help to bring the work into the field. Moreover, intensive cultivation is the best for attracting men to the soil and encouraging large families, because it is the system that yields most money. Under the old conditions we have often argued that it was impracticable, as the cost was bound to exceed any possible return; but science marching onward upsets many a judgment formed earlier. If it can give us highly concentrated manures in an available form, it will effect a momentous change in the science and art of husbandry.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. Princess Margrethe-Françoise-Louise-Marie-Hélène, daughter of Prince Valdemar of Denmark, who celebrated her twentieth birthday on September 17th.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

THE most momentous event of the present week is the issue by Mr. Lloyd George of a solemn warning and appeal. It should do much to dissipate the sleepy optimism with which so many people still regard the war. They believe the country will muddle through as it has often done before. "Muddling through" is an absurd expression when the gigantic strength of Germany is in question. But the expression is only one of a succession of phrases in which refuge has been sought. One was that Russia would lead the way to Berlin. It never really was possible. Russia was caught unorganised and unfurnished with munitions. Her early successes were obtained against the Austrians. The situation to-day, stripped bare by the relentless truthfulness of the Minister of Munitions, is that "Poland is entirely German; Lithuania is rapidly following. Russian fortresses deemed impregnable, are falling like sand castles." This creates a situation from which extrication can only come in one way. No one doubts what was the cause of the Russian set-back. Our Allies had a great General and an army of stubborn fighters. Colonel Gädke, the well known French military expert, has given the explanation in words that might have come from the mouth of an Englishman: "The longer the operations lasted, the more the Russians lacked guns and especially ammunition. The Russian Infantry also lacked rifles and cartridges." That was the point made also by Mr. Lloyd George. Our own position is well nigh hopeless unless the workers will give heart and will to the production of munitions.

IF there are doubting Thomases among the workers who are not convinced by the earnest and sincere pleading of the Minister of Munitions, they nevertheless must listen to the account brought back from the trenches by those of their number who were sent to see for themselves what is the true state of things. It is impossible to improve on their direct and simple language. After acquiring first hand knowledge at the seat of war, they declare: "If our gallant fellows at the front are to be hampered owing to any slackness in the workshop, disaster will be the inevitable result. The delegation has seen and talked to the men who are in the battle line, who are optimists to a man, cheerful, resourceful, determined, and expectant. They declared, "Once our lads in the shops realise the need for an overwhelming supply of munitions, they'll work till they drop so that we won't go short." Those who do not listen to this appeal from those who were their mates at work, "This year, last year and long time ago," must be past praying for.

AFTER reading Mr. Lloyd George's deliberate statement that the tide will not be stemmed till war material is provided in greater abundance, it is painful to take up again the report of his speech to the Trade Union Congress. He confronted the labour men and the labour leaders with a number of most disquieting facts. Be it remembered that the recent dispute was settled by a complete surrender on the part of the Government. Every demand made by labour

was conceded. Yet what do we find? The Trades Unions agreed to abolish restrictions on output, yet at Enfield a man employed on rifles was obliged to regulate his work so that he did not make more than a shilling where he could have earned half-a-crown an hour. In a Coventry factory a man was subjected to the annoyance of his comrades because he had finished in eight and a half hours work that ought to have taken thirty-one and a half hours. Belgian workers are very anxious to exert themselves, but when they do so obstructions are put in the way. These are samples of the obstacles that Mr. Lloyd George complains of, and it is difficult to see on what grounds the culprits can be exonerated. There has been exhibited to them not only by Mr. Lloyd George but by their own delegates and friends the peril in which they are placing the men at the front and even the country itself. Our Allies do not understand how in the fourteenth month of war men can possibly hang back. Surely they must see that the time has come when the few who are disloyal to the nation deserve more than reprehension.

MUNITIONS are useless without men, and it is useless to blink the fact that the question of compulsory service is a very big one at the moment. What is wanted first, as Lord Cromer has pointed out, is frank discussion. There is, at all events, one misrepresentation that ought to be cleared away. This is the reiterated statement that the cry is merely the outcome of a newspaper combination or conspiracy. We are certain this is not the case. "What do you think about conscription?" is a common question to ask and be asked in circles not in the slightest degree political, and the answer, in our experience, is favourable nine times out of ten. The Trades Union vote may appear to be a contradiction of that, but it followed a very insufficient discussion. At any rate, one can only testify to what one knows, and this is, that an overwhelming number of people see that conscription in some form has become necessary. If Lord Kitchener were to declare it necessary, his dictum would be accepted without dissent, except by the drones of the hive, and be it remembered that when these are no longer needed the worker bees rise up and kill them.

STRICKEN MOTHERS.

What is behind the anguish in their eyes,
The grief too great for tears or proud disguise?
Why do we feel our pity out of place
And fain would kneel to meet their grave embrace,
Sooner than speak the broken words that rise?

(There is no piercing sorrow 'neath the skies
Like unto Mary's, yet within us lies
The question hallow'd—gazing on her face—
What is behind?)

Visions of love that we cannot surmise?
Balm comfort-laden in their Heroes' Prize?
Tender, lost ways now ever theirs to trace?
Nay, more than this the brave, anointing grace,
And none can tell, not e'en the angel-wise,
What is behind.

LILIAN STREET.

WHAT may prove a very momentous session of Parliament was opened on Tuesday. Its chief business must necessarily be the provision of funds for financing the war. Roughly speaking, we are spending at the rate of about a thousand millions a year, or three millions a day, on military necessities. Up till now taxation has not been very greatly increased, and probably Mr. McKenna will try as far as possible to keep from intensifying the hardships incidental to war time. At the present moment a sovereign will go only as far as 13s. 4d. went before the war in providing food and other necessities of life. It would therefore be bad economy to abstract too much from the pockets of citizens while this state of affairs threatens to last. Nevertheless, interest on the vast sums already borrowed will have to be provided, and it will be the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to look round, in the classic phrase of his predecessor, "for the hen roost to rob." His task is not an enviable one. During the last quarter of a century, protests have from time to time been made against the heaviness of taxation, the national income has been swollen to what appeared to be its utmost dimensions, and it is not easy to suggest methods of raising the wind that will not fall heavily on the taxpayer.

IN a letter to the *Daily News*, published on Tuesday, September 14th, Mr. J. Colton Jepson of Grimsby tells a story that sheds a vivid light on the ineptitude of some of our country people. He says "A fish manure factory at Grimsby has worked at a loss for the last twelve months for the reason that they have lost the market for their produce. Prior to the outbreak of war Germany took this unrivalled fertiliser." In Great Britain there are a good four million acres of land, at present worth scarcely anything per acre, that might be made to yield abundant crops by the intelligent application of this "unrivalled fertiliser." Yet the manufacturer is working at a loss because his German customers are cut off! Can anything be more ridiculous? Are there not fields and gardens round Grimsby hungry for the manure and ready to make a bounteous return for it? Mr. Colton Jepson tells us that certain one-acre holdings in the county, once the property of Lord Lincolnshire, sold by owners who allowed them to be derelict till a buyer who would pay building value came along, are now cultivated intensively. As a result, produce to the value of £10 and £100 has been gathered year by year from these one-acre holdings. That is the case for Land Reclamation in a nutshell. The process is far from slow, as some of our contemporary's correspondents think. Much of the land might bear highly remunerative crops next year.

WITH the death of Sir William Van Horne, which occurred at Montreal on September 11th, there passed away another of the triumvirate to whom the prosperity of the Canadian Pacific Railway is due. The other two, it need scarcely be said, were Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount Stephen. Van Horne was, in reality, a subject of the United States, who had begun life on the very lowest rung of the ladder. He once told an American who asked if he had been connected with the United States railways: "Yes, I served both on the Alton and the Illinois Central." When asked in what capacity, he added that he sold books on the one and oranges on the other! This might possibly be one of his quips, for he was as jocular as he was keen, but there was no exaggeration about the obscurity from which he rose. He worked his way steadily up through one capacity to another in railway work until he became a railway manager, after which he very soon found his way to Canada; and at a time when the Canadian Pacific was in low water owing to the lowness of prices, the fewness of migrants, and to opposition, came to be appointed General Manager at a salary of £12,000 a year. From that time onward he and the railway company both flourished together, thanks to his long-sighted and astute management. He retired from the chairmanship of the Canadian Pacific Company in 1910, but even then he did not choose an idle life. Cuba, which he called the richest country he had ever seen, engaged his attention, and he devoted himself to the construction of a new railroad system for it.

AN example deserving of warm commendation has been set by the Croydon Vacant Lands Cultivation Society. When war broke out in 1914, some of the longer-sighted people of Croydon saw that the cultivation of vacant plots of land would be of great service to the country by enabling many to produce food who could not otherwise have done so, therefore the Society was formed. Those who owned the land very willingly co-operated, with the result that a considerable amount of land was offered in the shape of vacant building sites and other corners, most of which were awaiting some kind of development. Those who had the opportunity cultivated these plots skilfully and well. The report of the Garden Committee says that where the tenancy was commenced last winter, excellent early crops have been gathered, and the ground, after having been properly treated, has been replanted.

MR. ROGERS, the President, gives particulars of one plot to show what has been done. Its area was nine rods only. The crops already gathered are potatoes, runner beans, lettuces, turnips and vegetable marrows, and the crops growing into use are later potatoes, more runner beans, leeks and various kinds of brassica, amounting altogether to eight hundred and eighty four plants. These are valued (and we may point out that the prices are put very low) at a total of £6 12s. 9d., the seeds, plants and manure cost 13s. 6d., so that the profit on nine rods amounts to £5 19s. 3d. Of course, this is counting nothing for rent and nothing for labour. The land was offered rent free from the owners, and those who took it did the work in their odd times. The plan ought to be adopted in every considerable town of Great Britain, and its scope is capable of very great extension.

RESIDENTS in London heard with the greatest pleasure of the appointment of Admiral Sir Percy Scott to take charge of the gunnery defences of the capital against hostile aircraft. Zeppelins, although they have not yet succeeded in inflicting any serious military loss, have proved a dangerous annoyance to the civil inhabitants—a large majority of their victims being women and children. For this purpose it would appear that a regular campaign has been organised, and on every night suitable to their purpose, *i.e.*, still, clear and moonless, they have attempted to enter British territory at some point on the East Coast. From the threatening of German newspapers it would appear that London is to be the prime object of attack. No one is more qualified to deal with the matter than Sir Percy Scott. His fame as an expert on gunnery is world wide and has been abundantly justified both in peace and war. The average Londoner has not allowed these air raids to disturb his peace of mind and, indeed, is rather attracted by them as a spectacle, but they have intensified his dislike of the barbarous people and "the imperial murderer" at their head. Hence his satisfaction at the appointment of Sir Percy Scott.

SEPTEMBER, O SEPTEMBER!

The stove-brush is up in the attic,
The blankets are down in the yard,
The dog's sound asleep in the bread-pan,
On top of two loaves and the lard!
The saucepans are heaped on the book-case,
"Crown Derby" is strewn on the floor,
The sideboard quite blocks up the garden,
Refusing to come through the door.
The household is tired to distraction
But tries to wear smiles on its face
While, heart-sinking, secretly wonders
If things will be ever in place!
Friends nail down wrong carpets, the servants
Remark in loud tones, "they shan't stay";
'Tis the mystical month of September,
And we—we have "moved in" to-day!

LILLIAN GARD.

A LETTER on the waste of plums which appears in another column would deserve consideration at any time, but during war it demands particularly close attention. The writer says that in the neighbourhood of Shipston-on-Stour Victoria plums in many orchards are unpicked, because doing so would not pay for the labour involved. At Stratford-on-Avon plums were sold a week ago at 9d. a pot, yet it is perfectly true that in the vast majority of towns they are sold at 4d. a pound. It seems to us wicked that this fruit should be allowed to rot, while during the coming winter it is perfectly certain that households will greatly need it. The objection to making it into jam rises from the dearth of sugar, but plums can be preserved in the freshest and most delicious manner without sugar. If this were done they would furnish materials for puddings and pies, extremely welcome after autumn has passed and we are faced with the necessities of winter. It seems to us that what is wanted is fuller communication between the consumers and producers. If those who are allowing their plums to rot into the ground would let it be known that they can supply them at a nominal price, plus the cost of picking and carriage, they would ensure a very welcome addition to the food supply.

AMONG the sportsmen whose names appear in recent casualty lists are a famous Rugby football player and an Eton and Oxford cricketer. Surgeon David Revell Bedell-Sivright, one of the greatest forwards of his time, was in practice in Edinburgh as a surgeon before the war. He placed his services at the disposal of the Admiralty and was posted to the Royal Naval Division and eventually sent to the Dardanelles. At Fettes and Loretto and Cambridge University he gained his chief distinctions as a Rugby player. For two seasons he was Captain of his University team. There is little need to remind Rugby players of his splendid work as a forward and of his other triumphs in front of the goal posts. Captain Twining, who was reported wounded by the War Office, was also in the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. He won his spurs as a cricketer at Eton, where he showed himself a good batsman and an excellent wicket keeper. He won his Blue as a Freshman in 1910, and succeeded Pawson in the following year as wicket keeper in the Oxford Eleven. He became Captain in 1912, and played for a fourth time in the match at Lord's in 1913.

ALPINE BATTLEFIELDS.

BY SIR MARTIN CONWAY.

IT is safe to say that the rising generation will know more geography than any of its predecessors. Nothing teaches geography to stay-at-home folk like war, and more than any other, this war. South Africa, the Cameroons, East Africa, the Sinaitic Peninsula, the Persian Gulf, Armenia, the Dardanelles, and all central Europe, have been the scenes of dramatic events in which everyone has been forced to take interest. And those events have been in every case conditioned by the formation, position and climate of the countries in which they occurred. We have all had friends at each seat of war in turn, and, besides reading about their doings in the newspapers, we have heard intimate details through private letters. Thus the world scene of warfare has become real as never before, and the memory of what has thus been impressed upon us will not soon fade away.

Nothing was further removed from the minds of most peace-time tourists in their summer wanderings than to look

he could scarcely avoid noticing the fortifications of Franzensfeste, but why they should be there and what end they were expected to attain—as to all that the mere tourist thought little and cared less. For, in fact, no landscape in the world is less suggestive of war than a mountain landscape.

Nature seems to have built up mountains to keep hostile peoples apart. She might have done the work a great deal better. Why did she leave here and there such notable gaps in her ranges? Why did she spread those ranges out so widely from side to side, and dip into them such attractive valley-approaches? There is hardly a mountain range in the world which, in fact, does not invite men to traverse it somewhere. The Alps are particularly thus breached, with the result that, for all their formidable appearance, they have as often connected as sundered the peoples on either side of them. They form to-day no racial boundary. From the earliest ages the people in the north have pressed down over



J. Shaw.

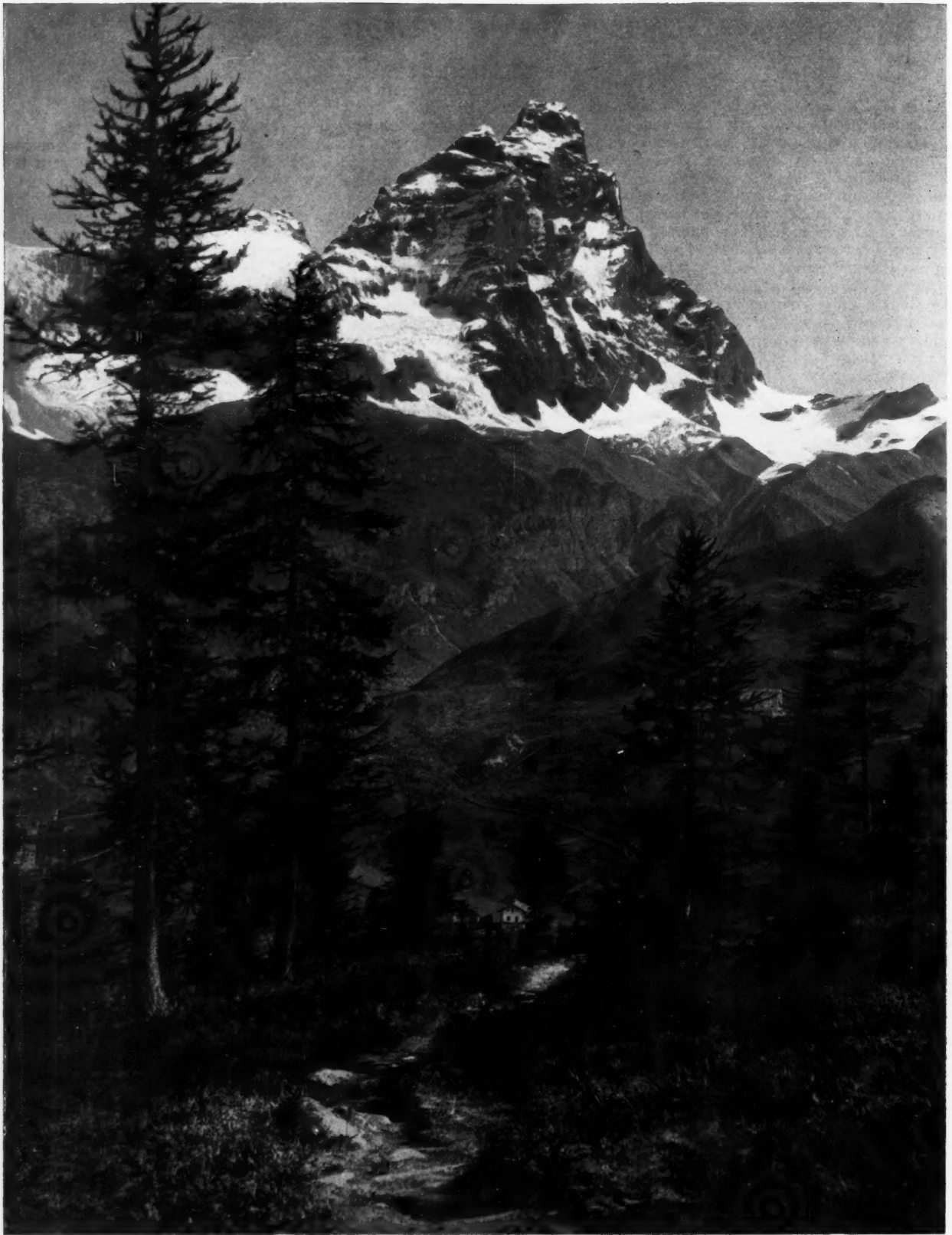
SUMMER WANDERINGS IN DAYS OF PEACE.

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at the countries through which they passed as likely in their own day to be devastated by war. It did not occur to us, when admiring the sculptures of Reims, that very soon they would be destroyed by a barbarous host. Still less did alpine climbers overlook the landscapes of their high attainments as battlefields of the near future. Yet now the valleys and even the peaks of the Eastern Alps have been invaded by guns to their remotest fastnesses, and in some places artificial rock avalanches have been engineered to fall upon attacking troops. It is true that here and there, especially in the Eastern Alpine regions, we used to come across roads of exceptional excellence that were called military, the reason for which a civilian cared seldom to trouble himself about. Occasionally he became conscious of the existence of forts in recondite lofty positions, but these he was not allowed to approach and seldom wanted to. If he crossed the Brenner by railway from Innsbruck to Italy,

them, and even the loftiest Italian valleys on the south slope of Monte Rosa itself are colonised by a Teutonic stock. Thus it happens that the Italian Ticino and Italian Tirol both remain under Teutonic government, and the frontier of the Alps has never, in fact, been the political frontier of Italy.

The Alpine playground of Europe takes a great deal of knowing. In a visitor's first season the great snow mountains impose their eminence upon him, and, if he is likewise a climber, he will have little attention to spare for the valleys, but will spend his wonder upon the glaciers and the high crags and the great phenomena of the central mountains. But when the first flush of novelty has passed from them, the maturer lover of the Alps finds delights no less keen at lower levels. The valleys have each a character of its own, and the mountains themselves are not all alike. There are mountains built of crystalline rock and others of limestones of different qualities and colours. It is not necessarily the



D. McLeish.

FROM THE BREUIL FOREST.

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highest and hardest that take the firmest hold upon our affections.

The great Matterhorns and Schreckhorns are always glorious, but so are the smaller peaks of the Maritimes, of the graceful Cottians, or of recondite Dauphiné. To each region there is a charm all its own. And as with the peaks, so with the valleys. The better we come to know them the more varied do we find them. We soon learn to divide them into two main contrasting groups: those that incline northward, mainly into German lands, and those that bend south down to the rich Italian plain, and these latter are far more charming than the others. Unfortunately for Englishmen the northern valleys are, roughly speaking, a day nearer home than the southern, so that they are more accessible to folk whose holiday time is limited. But for

that disability it is certain that the tide of travel would flow more strongly to the Italian than to the Swiss and Bavarian mountain centres. There is no comparison for rich beauty between, for instance, the valleys of the Maritime Alps and those of the Oberland or the north slope of the Apennines. These latter may indeed be grander, but those others are grand enough and far more gracious and attractively fascinating.

In ancient days the region north of the Alps was mainly a dense forest. South of them has always been the open fertile Italian plain. The winds from the north were dry and cold; those from the south warm and laden with fertilising moisture. Thus nature herself imposed a different atmosphere upon these two sundered regions; and though now, on both sides, the forests have been driven aloft and

the lands suitable for it have been tamed beneath the plough, the essential difference abides. Fertile Italy climbs aloft from one side; strenuous Germany from the other. The very domestic architecture proclaims the difference. The Italian valleys of the Alps are old friends of the sun and of the vine. Bacchus and Pan are there at home. They seem to open to the visitor a warm heart. Even where the lemon cannot bloom the scent of it seems to penetrate. The southern valleys always seem to draw one from the

Alpine heights as those to the north never can. You may not be able to see the Mediterranean far to the south, but you know and seem to feel that it is there, and thither you are impelled by the strange force that has drawn the men of the north southward since the days when the Dorians swept down upon the Aegean and long before.

This southward tendency it was that brought the Germans over into Italy—the Franks under Charlemagne, the Ottonians and the Hohenstaufen later—and it is the



J. Shaw.

WHERE THE OLD ROAD WINDS BY FOREST AND JAGGED CLIFFS.

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remnant of their conquests of Italian soil that our beloved ally Italy is now rending from the grasp of the Hapsburgs. May she be finally and completely successful in that great endeavour!

A glance at the map, which every newspaper in these recent months has published again and again, shows that tongue of hill country, by nature Italian, which Austria holds—the west side of it stretching down due south from near the Stelvio to the head of Lake Garda, whence its eastern boundary slopes north-eastward up to the ridge of the Carnic Alps. Within this triangle is contained one of the loveliest hill countries in the world. The great snowy groups of Ortler, Oetzthal, Zillerthal and the Tauern do not belong to it. They are essentially German, these severe crystalline ranges. But all that is below—the smiling valleys, the crimsoned limestone peaks and walls of the Dolomites, the rich valleys that drain into the Adige or into Garda—these are Italian by right divine, Italian in atmosphere, in colour, in vegetation, in architecture, in language and sentiment, and whatever else gives character to a land.

To the English traveller it is the Dolomite mountains rather than the folk or any other feature that distinguish

that, if he be coming from the north, he will first catch sight of the Dolomites. A group of them is visible far, far away, blocking up the end of the southward trending valley, but their remoteness deprives them of none of their individuality. The newcomer knows them at first glance for what they are. They will attract his eye probably at sunset, when they reflect the rich crimson of the afterglow with an intensity that snow itself cannot approach. I wrote above of Dolomite limestone as red, but, of course, it is not red but grey; yet one always thinks of the Dolomites as crimson mountains because of the sunsets upon them. It is at sunset that they are really themselves, unforgettable, incomparable, superb. Alas! we cannot in black and white convey this main element of their charm. Our view shows the form of them above a calm lake, framed in pine woods, their ledges dusted with snow. Let the reader dye those crags crimson and project them against a blue or pale green sky. Let him figure the green gloom of the forest below and reflected in the calm mirror of the lake; he will have all the elements of one of the most characteristic of the Dolomite views, the like of which cannot be found in any other district of the Alps.



J. Shaw.

AT THE EDGE OF THE PINE FOREST.

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this region. Most of us have at one time or another gone to see them, fewer to climb them. They are, indeed, in their way good to climb, but they are far more wonderful to look at. Half a century ago their peaks were mostly untrodden; now guns have been mounted upon points whose first ascent may have been proudly chronicled within the memory of living men. In years to come we shall read something of the doings of the new generation of soldier-climbers, the like of whom and of whose exploits nothing has been told before in the history of mankind.

Guns can do little harm to peaks and precipices, but they can destroy the fair villages that nestle on their sides as snugly as if they had grown in their places by the outputting of mere nature. Only here and there at rare intervals are there any churches or other ancient buildings whose loss would be irreparable. Trent, Bozen, and above all Sterzing—these three towns along the Brenner route are priceless treasures—especially Sterzing, almost the perfectest mediæval main street in existence, and piously treasured by its inhabitants as a thing of great price. May all the good powers unite to save that at least from harm! No wise traveller with a few hours to spare passes Sterzing without a halt, and it is then

Here it is, in this haunt of ancient peace, that the roar and rattle of war now reign supreme. Here from ridge to ridge and from valley to valley brave men are putting to the supreme test their manhood and their nation's power. What is done there to-day will bear fruit for better or worse throughout a whole world epoch that is now beginning for Europe. The war will not last for ever. All the combatants alike will before many decades rest in peace, and peace will again return to these mountain fastnesses. To-day they echo to the sound of many cannons. The echo will before long be a memory, and silence will return. Lichens will spread over split rocks. Trenches will fall in. Frost will overthrow parapets. When the great drama is over, the scene of it will return to the silences which reigned there before; and the young men of years to come will scramble mirthfully over the rocks their fathers fought on and fought for. But though Nature forgets, man will not forget. The Dolomite landscape at eventide will be red with sunset as of yore, but those who look upon that glorious sight will remember the blood that has been shed in heroic conflict, and when they look upon the crimson peaks they will not forget the illustrious dead who lie for ever silent beneath them.

OLD PEWTER.

TAVERN measures form an interesting branch in the collecting of old pewter, as each country has its own distinctive shapes, and there is the added zest of acquiring sets of each type containing the various sizes in which it was made. The measures described in this article, with the exception of the baluster shape, are all peculiar to Scotland, and cover the chief types in use from early times till the middle of the nineteenth century. Prior to the Act of Union in 1707 the liquid measures of Scotland were different from those of England, and although the Act of Union provided that the imperial English standard measures were to be adopted in Scotland, the use of the Scots standard was not finally abolished until 1835, when an Act was passed making it a punishable offence to sell liquids in any measure other than the imperial standard. The following table shows the relation between the Scots standard and the imperial standard:

Scots Standard Measure.	Equivalent in Imperial Standard Measure.	Equivalent in Fluid Oz.
½ gill or 1 glass	¾ gill	1·875
1 gill or 2 glasses	¾ gill	3·75
½ mutchkin or 4 glasses ..	1½ gills	7·5
Mutchkin	3 gills	15
Chopin	6 gills or 1½ pints ..	30
Pint	12 gills or 3 pints ..	60
Quart or 2 pints	6 pints	120
Gallon or 8 pints	3 gallons or 24 pints ..	480

The common name for the Scots pint when made in a particular shape was a "Tappit Hen," and although one frequently hears measures of the same shape but of different capacity referred to as tappit hens, this is not correct, as only the Scots pint size (which equals three imperial pints) is a tappit hen. Inside the neck of the vessel is a small projection, called in the vernacular a "plook," i.e., pimple, which marks the height the contents must reach to ensure full measure. Tappit hens were measures and not for drinking out of, and the contents would be consumed from tumbler-shaped pewter cups or other smaller vessels. The

popular drinks, and it was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that whisky drinking became common. This type of measure dates back to about the sixteenth century and continued in use until the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

Other sizes were made in the same shape as the tappit hen, and three varieties of this shape are to be found, viz., with plain lids, with lids with a spike or crest on the top, unlidded. Of these the plain lidded variety is the earliest, and apparently the crested lid was only a passing fashion, as we find the plain lid again being used for measures of this shape made in 1826. The unlidded variety is peculiar to the North-East of Scotland, but as the handles have cast on them the additional metal for making the hinge, although the slot to receive the other part of the hinge has not been cut out, it is evident that the handles were cast from the same moulds as were used for the lidded variety. The canny inhabitants of the Aberdeenshire district, seeing that the addition of the lids cost money and was of very little practical use, decided to save their pockets by doing without lids. Tappit hen shaped measures of the following sizes have come to my knowledge:

Scots Standard.			Imperial Standard.		
Plain Lids.	Crested Lids.	Unlidded.	Plain Lids.	Crested Lids.	Unlidded.
Tappit hen or pint	Tappit hen or pint	—	Two quarts	—	Two quarts
Chopin	Chopin	Chopin	—	Quart	Quart
Mutchkin	Mutchkin	—	Pint	—	Pint
Half mutchkin	—	—	Half pint	—	—
Gill	—	—	Gill	—	—

It is probable that the plain lidded variety was also made in the quart and half gill sizes Scots standard, and in the



TAPPIT HEN, MUTCHKIN SIZE.

With Edinburgh touch mark and date "170-".

Southerner, when viewing the majestic proportion of the tappit hen and knowing that whisky is the national beverage of Scotland, must not speculate as to how many tappit henfuls of whisky the ordinary native could consume, because when these vessels were in common use claret and ale were



TAPPIT HEN-SHAPED MEASURES.

Scots pint, plain lid Imperial quart unlidded. Scots pint, crested lid.



POT-BELLIED MEASURES: LIDDED.

Scots pint. Chopin. Scots pint.

quart size imperial standard. The plook is not found in any of the sizes smaller than the mutchkin, and is not always present in the larger sizes. It is the exception to find any maker's marks on these measures, although occasionally one finds the town mark and a date, and most of the tappit hens have the owner's initials engraved on either the top of the lid or on the outside of the body. Some measures made in 1826 have a crown with the word "Imperial" and the date 1826 cast on the top of the lid.

Pot-bellied Measures are peculiar to the Aberdeenshire district, and, judging from the very few specimens now in existence, must either have been used very locally or for a short period of time only. A pair of lidded communion flagons belonging to Brechin Cathedral, dated 1680 and in use at the present day, are of this type of measure, and the Kirk Session Records contain the following reference to them: "1680, Walter Jamieson, Bailie and Kirk Master, gave two tinne (*i.e.*, pewter) quart stoops for the communion tables." As the moulds in which pewter vessels were cast were costly to make, there is little doubt that these two flagons were made from the tavern measure moulds in use at that time, and the fact that they have each got a plook inside helps to confirm this theory. It is interesting to think that these two flagons, the only known existing specimens in the quart size Scots standard of this type of tavern measure, have been in use for over two hundred and thirty years as communion flagons. Three varieties of this form of measure are known to exist, namely: (a) lidded; (b) unlidded, but with the metal for the hinge cast on the handle; (c) unlidded and with a plain handle, without the additional metal for the hinge. The lidded variety has been found in the Scots pint and chopin sizes, the unlidded variety (b) in the Scots pint and half mutchkin sizes, and the unlidded variety (c) in the chopin, mutchkin, half mutchkin and Scots gill sizes.

With regard to the marks found on these measures, the Brechin flagons have a touch inside the lid of a crowned expanded rose and the initials D.I.M., some of the pint and chopin sizes have a touch of a thistle and the initials W.I. on the handle, while three other pint sizes I have seen have the maker's name cast on the inside of the bottom, two having "MADE BE LACHLAN DALLAS" and the third "MADE BE JOHN ROSS." Another mark found on the handle of an unlidded chopin is a thistle with the initials S.I. The pint size has a plook inside, as also have some of the chopins, but the smaller sizes have not. When this type of measure fell into disuse is not known, but it is doubtful if they were made after the middle of the eighteenth century.

Baluster Shaped Measures in Scotland have similar shaped bodies to those made in England, but if the two English types of thumb-piece, consisting of the hammer-head and double volute or spiral, as Mr. Ingleby Wood described them, were used in Scotland, it must have been of very rare occurrence. All the baluster measures of undoubted Scotch origin which I have seen have one of two kinds of thumb-piece, either a round ball attached to the lid by a

narrow parallel-sided strip of pewter, or else a shell-shaped thumb-piece attached to the lid by a wedge-shaped piece of pewter, this wedge-shaped piece having sometimes a groove



TWO HALF-MUTCHKIN POT-BELLIED MEASURES.

Unlidded.

Unlidded, with additional metal for hinge.



POT-BELLIED MEASURES, SCOTS QUART SIZE, DATED 1680.

In use as Communion Flagon in Brechin Cathedral



IMPERIAL PINT PEAR-SHAPED MEASURES.

Edinburgh type.

Glasgow Type.

along each side. Baluster-shaped measures came into use in Scotland about the end of the seventeenth century, and were used until the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

They have been found in the following sizes, viz., Scots standard: Mutchkin, half mutchkin, gill and half gill. Imperial standard: Quart, pint, half pint, gill and half gill. Occasionally one finds the maker's name cast on the inside of the lid, but it is the exception to do so.

Baluster-shaped measures were also made in the North-East districts of Scotland without lids, but with the additional metal for forming the hinge cast on the handle.

About the beginning of the nineteenth century the pear-shaped measures made their appearance, and after 1826 took the place of the tappit hen and baluster types. These are found in two shapes, known to me as the Edinburgh and the Glasgow, and the illustration of the two pint measures shows the difference in shape better than can be described in writing. These two varieties are further sub-divided by the lids differing in outline and detail. The Edinburgh measures were made with two shapes of plain lids, and with lids having the word "Imperial" over a crown, or "Imperial" over a crowned thistle cast on the top. The Glasgow measures were made with some twelve different kinds of lids or markings on them. The Edinburgh variety was made in the following imperial standard sizes, viz.: Pint, half pint, gill



SET OF BALUSTER MEASURES SCOTS STANDARD.

Mutchkin.

Half-Mutchkin.

Gill.

Half-Gill.

and half gill, and the maker's name is frequently found cast on the inside of the lid.

The Glasgow variety was made in the following imperial standard sizes, viz.: Quart, pint, half pint, gill, half gill and quarter gill, and in the four-glass, two-glass and one-glass sizes, Scots standard. It is unusual to find the maker's name on these, but occasionally his initials are cast on the top of the handle. These measures were not made much later than the middle of the nineteenth century, and are now being rapidly picked up by collectors,

the largest and smallest sizes being the most difficult to get. In addition to the four types of measures described above, there are other measures peculiar to Scotland, such as the thistle-shaped ones of the Glasgow district and a curious little unlidded measure of the Aberdeenshire district; but these are very scarce, and if the collector should light on any of them, he is in luck.

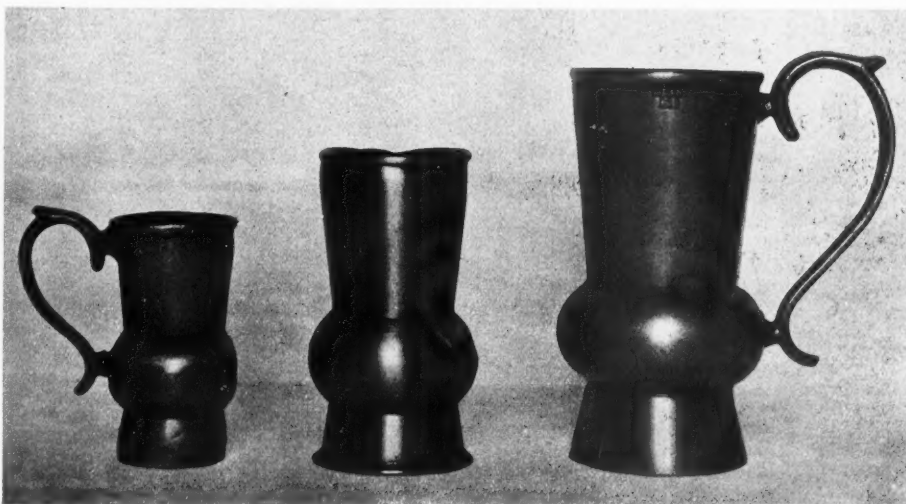


LIDS OF PEAR-SHAPED MEASURES.

Edinburgh

Glasgow.

Glasgow.



SET OF THISTLE-SHAPED MEASURES.

Quarter-Gill.

Half-Gill.

Gill.



UNLIDDED MEASURE, ABERDEENSHIRE DISTRICT.

The writer has been indebted to the following for much valuable assistance in preparing this article, and for permission to photograph examples in their possession: Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Carvick Webster, Mr. Lewis Clapperton, Dr. Coats, and Mr. Richard Davison. H. E. M.

IN THE GARDEN.



Reginald A. Malby.

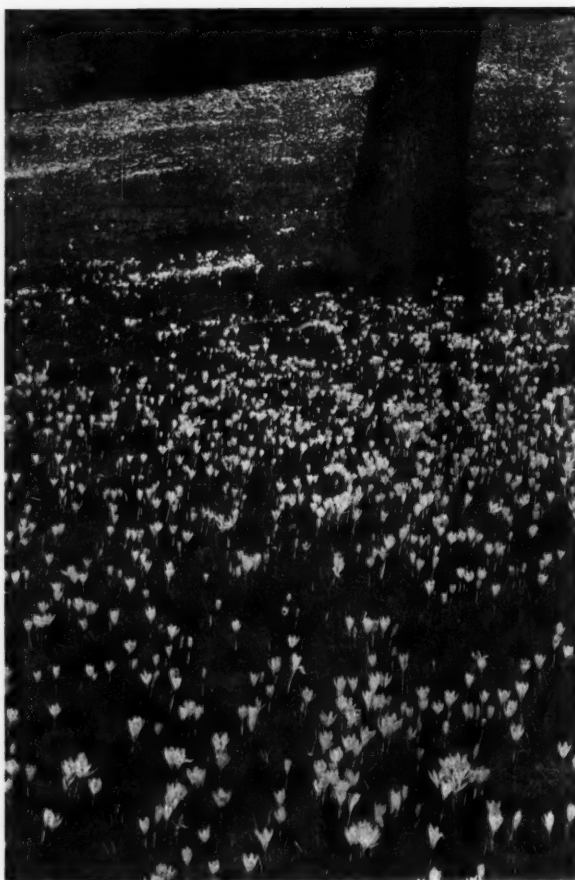
DAFFODILS ON THE SOUTHERN SLOPE, WARLEY PLACE.

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NATURALISING BULBOUS PLANTS IN GRASS.

By E. H. JENKINS.

IN all probability none of the many phases of gardening appeals to the true gardener and nature student—the two are not infrequently associated—with such irresistible force as the above named. In it, when correctly or intelligently done—when in spring grassy slope, meadow, woodland or copse is affording evidence of a flower wealth all too long withheld, when Winter Aconite, Snowdrop, Crocus, Glory of the Snow, Anemone and Daffodil springing from the turf in their thousands and tens of thousands, and adding for weeks on end flower pictures to the landscape where no such pictures existed before—Nature assuredly may be seen in one of her happiest moods. Of such gardening it may, with truth, be said that it is “an art which doth mend nature, change it rather, but the art itself is nature.” Nor is there in this grass gardening, this “art” and “change,” anything of sacrifice to the garden proper, rather is it an adjunct thereto, an extension, something removed from its restricted area, its conventionalities, its often crude, unrelieved colour patches and daubs; a step into a larger field where infinite possibilities still, in large degree, await treatment at the hand of man.



Reginald A. Malby.

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CROCUS VERNUS IN THE MEADOWS.

Those who have seen mountain, meadow, and pasture of other lands at their best will need no reminder of the beauty or limitless wealth that there obtains now of the fairest carpeters or most brilliant flowers of the earth, such as swaying fields of daffodils, with later statelier flowers—lilies or the towering spires of the Giant Asphodels, each and all playing a part in the picture-making effects of the landscape, and playing it well. That such pictures are possible within the confines of lowland gardens or their immediate surroundings the illustrations accompanying these notes go a long way to prove. Moreover, they are suggestive in the highest degree, and therefore of considerable value to the planter who would wish to do likewise. All the same it is not for a moment suggested that this naturalisation of bulbous plants in grass is applicable only to large areas. Quite naturally the finer pictures are seen in this way, particularly where the ground is of a sloping character and its greater extent the more readily seen. Very pretty results, however, follow the treatment of quite small areas, and where these are of a diversified nature they merit careful treatment. In this way a miniature slope beneath trees, or flatter grass area reaching to shrub groups beyond, each lend themselves admirably to such work, and other instances

will occur in most gardens where it is possible to give form to the idea in some effect or another.

Speaking generally, however, the prettiest results ensue when the planting is done in grass which does not need periodical mowing. It is here, too, that not only the greater charm and naturalness prevail, but the plants themselves are benefited, root and branch, by the commingling of the herbage—the companionship of root and root-fibre—and not a little by the virgin conditions of the soil these invariably ensure. It is for this reason that many bulbous roots, impatient of the excessive humus present in most garden soils, and sickening and dying out because of its presence, flourish apace in woodland and pasture, and find in these their true home. Hence, in addition to providing them with this, and the advantages accruing from seeing them amid suitable environment, is the further gain of their increasing beauty from year to year. Here, perhaps, it would be well to sound a note of warning against expecting too much from planting in the closely kept turf of lawns, the consolidated nature of which, due to continuous rolling, is quite opposed either to complete success or the longevity of the subject.

What the majority revel in is loose herbage, and cool, moist loam in which to root. In such conditions a large number are perfectly happy and a permanent success, the tulip being an exception. Hence the grass gardener may choose at will among Fritillary, Daffodil, Grape and Wild Hyacinth, Snowdrop, Crocus, the Apennine Windflower and much besides. He may indulge his fancy, too, in many directions—may strew the ground with living pictures of the earliest flower beauty right up to the bole of giant oak or other tree, adorn hedgebank or undergrowth, or provide a feast of unexpected beauty at the lakeside or the constantly cool spots not far removed. In some such spots as these the Tenby Daffodil (*Narcissus obvallaris*) and the Pyrenean kind (*N. pallidus præcox*), impossible both in the garden, are in the nature of a revelation. To these should be added King of Spain and Queen of Spain, while such as Emperor,

waist high, at the water's edge would surprise not a few unacquainted with it in such a place.

How to plant is a phase of the subject which will naturally interest many, and there is really only one way, viz., thin, informal grouping, with no attempt to cover all the ground, much less to reproduce the flower border clump. Both are occasionally seen, however, and both are wrong. Occasionally heavy grouping is done to secure "immediate effect," but it is never satisfying to the eye. This is especially true of the all important *Narcissus* family, and particularly of the stronger growing sorts. There are various ways of introducing the bulbs, by means of special bulb planters and in other ways. Here is a simple and effective way which I have adopted with some success. A garden labourer was given a grubbing-axe to rip up the sod, irregularly turn it aside, and break up a few inches of the soil below. The grass removed, a fork would answer the same purpose. Into the loosened soil bulbs were placed singly a few inches deep, the outer margins of the loosened area and as many angles as possible being selected for the bulbs. The turf was then replaced in pieces, not in whole sods as removed. The present and the ensuing month of October are excellent for the work, and though there are many planted much later than this, it is not to be recommended where the best results are desired.

During recent years in view of the increasing demand for cheap bulbs for this class of work bulb growers in this country have grown them on an ever increasing scale, and nothing equal to the British grown article is obtainable. Among the more important families of bulbous flowers suited to this style of gardening are **Narcissus*, Dog's-tooth Violet (*Erythronium*), *Snake's-head Fritillary (*Fritillaria Meleagris* and varieties, which are ideal for the work), Crocus, Snowdrop, particularly the common single and double; the *Apennine Windflower (*Anemone apennina*), the indispensable Glory of the Snow (*Chionodoxa Lucilæ* and *C. sardensis*), **Scillas*, Grape Hyacinths and the *Spring and *Summer Snowflakes (*Leucojum*). Those marked by an asterisk are best in cool, or even moist, soils.

THE BEDLINGTON TERRIER.

By A. CROXTON SMITH.

THOUGHTS of the early days of the Bedlington terrier summon up before one's mind visions of a motley crowd of rascals and rascallions—poachers, pipers, tinkers, gypsies, itinerant ratcatchers—such as delighted the heart of Sir Walter Scott. The wild Border country offered peculiarly favourable opportunities for the full expression of their genius. Most of them were keen sportsmen and amusing characters—virtues which earned them absolution for any trifling obliquity concerning the law of *meum et tuum*. One of these, William Allan, is claimed as the foster parent of both Dandie Dinmont and Bedlington terriers. Up to the time of his death in 1774 he was undoubtedly possessed of a strain of working terriers, of which his favourites, Peachem and Pincher, had wide celebrity, and it is more than possible that the two breeds, now very dissimilar in most respects, may be divergent branches of the same taproot. Allan and his terriers were in much request among the country gentry on account of their proficiency in otter

hunting. In memory of his prowess with the pipes we find various Pipers in the early Bedlington pedigrees. Indeed, it is said that Joseph Ainsley's Young Piper, about 1825, was the first genuine



CHAMPION ULSTERMAN'S HEAD.



HEAD OF CHAMPION BREAKWATER PIERRETTE.

Bedlington, the result, presumably, of crosses grafted on to Allan's dogs.

The haphazard way of naming dogs a hundred years ago, or even half a century ago for a matter of that, leads to considerable confusion. Many Pipers have moved across the stage and disappeared, and a Peachem and Pincher crop up in the kennels of Mr. Edward Donkin of Flotterton, who was known on Coquet-side as "Hunting Ned" close on a hundred years ago. Another Peachem belonging to Ainsley sired Anderson's Piper, who in turn became the father of Young Piper from Phœbe, a bitch who had passed through the hands of Mr. Edward Coates of Bedlington Vicarage. A year or two ago I remember reading a letter in which Mr. F. H. Bowler of Corbridge said he had the

pedigree of a terrier, bred by his father-in-law in 1876, which professed to go back to 1796, among the names of owners in it being Squire Trevellyn, Rev. Edward Coates, James Anderson of Rothbury, John Thompson, Will Cowney of Morpeth, Tom Thompson of Wideopen, and others. The Anderson's terriers were supposed to date back to "Old Molly," who kept the White Lea toll gate at the foot of Carter's Hill at the head of Reedwater. The clearest fact emerging from the obscurity enshrouding these old terriers is that they were much smaller than the present dog, the average weight being round about 14lb. instead of the 22 to 24lb. now recognised. Some authorities think bull-terrier blood was introduced into the local strains by a colony of Staffordshire nailers who settled at Bedlington, a village twelve miles north of Newcastle; others ascribe the shape to the whippet. This is not a supposition to be discarded lightly, since the Northumbrian working classes liked a terrier with speed enough to pick up a rabbit. It would not surprise me at all to learn that Cappy, the dog in the immortal James Pigg's song, was an aboriginal Bedlington.

His tail pitcher-handled, his colour jet black;
Just a foot and a half was the length of his back;
His legs seven inches from shoulders to paws,
And his lugs like two dockins, hung ower his jaws.

Weel-bred Cappy, famous au'd Cappy,

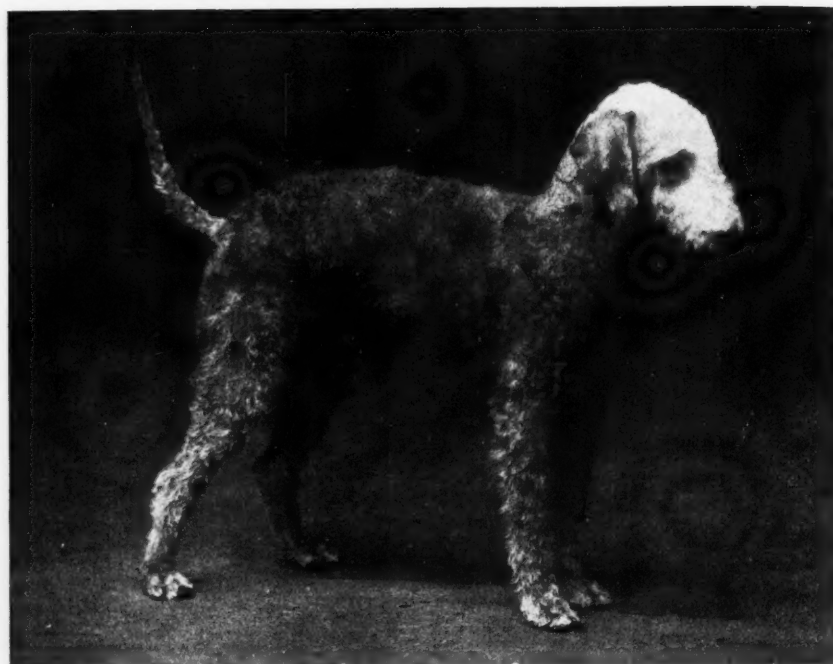
Cappy's the dog, Talli-ho, Talli-ho!

Mr. Jorrock, strange to say, with all his eloquence about hound, horse and fox, was reticent concerning terriers, and we hear nothing about the single one attached to the Handley Cross hounds. Captain Miserrimus Doleful's letter describing the pack tells us there was such a dog: "There are at present thirty-two couple of old ones in kennel, besides an excellent white terrier with a black eye." What music these hounds must have had! "Their airing yard adjoins the Ebenezer chapel, and when the saints begin to sing, the dogs join chorus."

However, that is foreign to my subject. The Bedlington of to-day is in a class by himself, as my readers will agree after an inspection of the photographs taken from the terriers owned by Mr. H. K. McCausland of Charnwood, Tunbridge Wells. This gentleman has recently taken up the breed with a good deal of enthusiasm, not so much that he approves fully of the present stamp as that he hopes to reawaken an interest in the type he used for sporting purposes in India twenty years ago. In wishing to revert to the older and stronger sort, he hopes to abolish, if possible, the one thing which he considers to be the greatest bar to the popularity of the dog—the practice of excessive trimming. Once effect a reform in this direction, so that everyone can exhibit on equal terms, putting down the dogs in a natural condition, he is convinced that this sterling variety would soon be established as the most useful and the gamest terrier for all kinds of sport. Mr. McCausland is up against a difficult proposition, but one that should be capable of solution by the exercise of patience and skill. While some terriers merely require "tidying" for the show ring, the Bedlington has to be subjected to wholesale barbering, and if one were put down in a natural state he would create a sensation. The trouble is far from being new, and any effort in the direction of reform will consequently be correspondingly difficult. As long ago as 1890 the Birmingham committee disqualified some Bedlingtons on the ground of trimming, and on an appeal being brought before the Kennel Club Committee this body declined to interfere. The Bedlington Terrier Club, protesting that the dogs had not been unduly trimmed, petitioned



CHAMPION BREAKWATER PIERRETTE.



CHAMPION ULSTERMAN.



T. Fall.

ULSTER PRINCESS.

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that the removal of superfluous hair should be allowed. The Kennel Club agreed that the old or dead coat might be removed, but would go no further. Obviously, that was not far enough, and I fear that very little effort has been made in the intervening period to obtain a shorter coat by natural means. Mr. McCausland, recalling my words about uncropped bull terriers, believes that in the course of time an untrimmed Bedlington would become just as popular with those who now shudder at the thought.

Another matter requiring earnest consideration relates to the severe inbreeding that has been practised in the past. "The old character of the Bedlington," says Mr. McCausland, "was that he was a fighting dog who could live with any other of any breed of his weight, but the Bedlington of to-day is a different creature, for among all the dogs that I have owned I have not had one that was quarrelsome, or in any way inclined to fight. This altered condition I attribute to inbreeding." While not wishing to see the Bedlington an unduly quarrelsome or fighting dog, he does wish to have the old hard-bitten spirit more in evidence. There I agree with him thoroughly. A terrier, to be a terrier at all, must have dash and fire, a spirit that makes him get his tail up when another approaches him in the ring. My own experience of excessively inbred dogs is that, when really put to the test, they will hold their own with the best, but extreme nervousness makes them appear temperamentally soft. Champion Ulsterman, whose picture appears this week, has far more character than most of the Bedlingtons I have noticed in the ring, and I am glad to hear that he is as keen and clean a killer as one could want. He is the best of



ULSTER STAR.

good dogs with rats or rabbits, and wonderful in the water. His show points must be equally meritorious, as, coming out of Newcastle-on-Tyne last New Year's day, he became a full champion in just over six months, the major honours having been gained at Cruik's, the Ladies' Kennel Association, and Richmond. He is liver coloured.

Of the other terriers at Charnwood, mention should be first made of that fine bitch, Champion Breakwater Pierrette, a winner of eight challenge certificates. I suppose she is about the best and soundest of her sex living. Ulster Princess, a blue, has only been out twice. At Manchester she won three seconds and the reserve challenge certificate. Ulster Star, a liver, is an unshown puppy. All these terriers are used for their proper work, and

are not kept merely for exhibition. Why it should be so I cannot say, but Mr. McCausland is of opinion that the liver coloured terriers are vastly superior to the blues, being invariably gamier, and he is at a loss to explain the preference for the others. Not that he thinks colour matters, but he is merely stating the fruits of his own observation. Probably it is a fortuitous circumstance, since livers are bred from blues and *vice versa*.

After all my criticism, which is evoked by a desire to see certain patent defects remedied, there is a great deal to be said in favour of the Bedlington as a companion, not the least of his recommendations being that he is quiet when shut up, is clean in the house, is a capital feeder, and has not the unpleasant habit of shedding his coat as freely as some dogs. It is satisfactory to know that the demand for puppies is increasing.

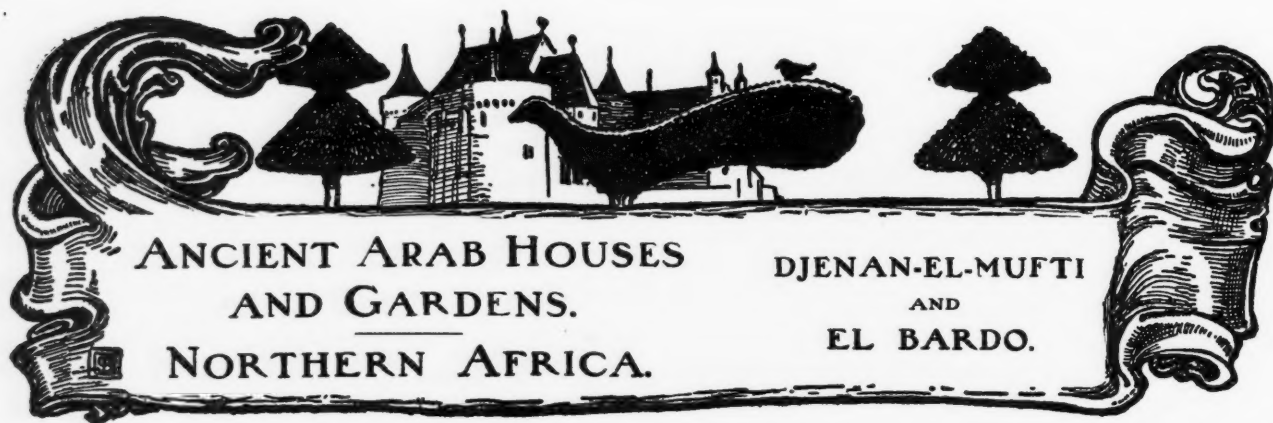
Since this article was written, news has reached me that Champion Ulsterman has been sold to Captain T. T. Cawthra.



T. Fal'.

A TEAM OF BEDLINGTON TERRIERS.

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WITHIN a mile or two of Algiers, and principally in the suburb of Mustapha Supérieur, are many gardens old and new grouped upon the hillside and mostly facing the north, whence they derive the coolness of the breezes wafted across the sea. The climate is admirably suited to the majority of what are generally classified as sub-tropical plants, and there seems to be no limit to the fine effects of plant grouping that may be produced. Here in former days the wealthier Moors had their villas, setting out their garden courts and terraces upon the rising ground, and forcing every spring to deliver its precious fluid to the thirsty land. The want of water is a great natural difficulty of the

town, and indeed of the whole province, and the Moors have elaborated their system of irrigation principally by means of aqueducts, some of which are of very ancient construction.

The Moorish country house is always placed upon an admirably chosen site, its high walls forming an effective screen from indiscreet eyes. Few flowers are cultivated in its gardens, and those that find a place are chosen for their bright colour and the sweetness of their scent—roses, lilies, jasmine, violets, pinks and geraniums. Once planted, they are allowed to ramp over trellis and pergola without restraint. Flat terraced roofs, small windows and walled-in courts sum up the features of every house, and there is complete

irregularity both in the arrangement of the rooms and in their shape. Except by accident, no two lines are ever parallel, the shape of the house being decided by the contour of the site, whatever that may be. The only effort at regularity is to give to the central court a form somewhat approaching a square. These interior courts are real gardens in the sense of being delightful retreats where the glare and heat of the day are tempered by the overspreading trellis of greenery into a soft mysterious light and pervading freshness.

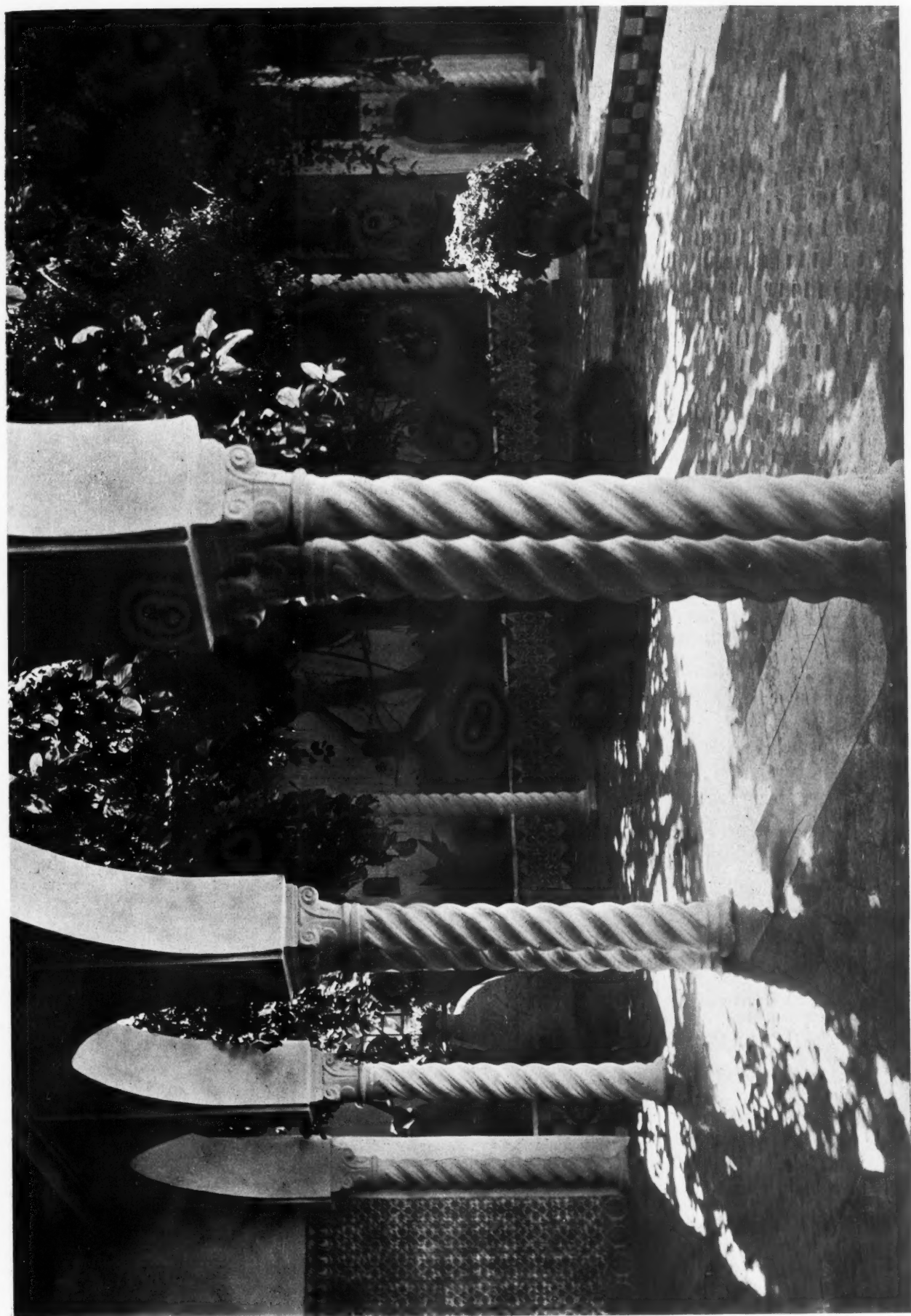
The architecture is characteristic of the race, elegant rather than grand; suggesting a delicate and graceful taste, and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. The planning of the houses seems to derive more from Roman than Byzantine origins. The former gave the open courts, the latter some of the forms of decoration used in the treatment of floor and wall surfaces.

Arab writers tell us that the private houses of Damascus were built after the fashion of the later Roman houses, whereas in Persia, and especially in Baghdad, the ancient Persian houses served as an example. The principles that governed the planning of both Arab and Moorish houses were derived from classic models; a featureless exterior and an eminently "livable" interior marked the ancient house of Pompeii just as they characterise the Moorish house of Algiers. Such external ornamentation as there may be is concentrated upon the entrance.

The apartments are grouped round courts and gardens with an absolute separation of the rooms for either sex, every effort being made to secure privacy both from the streets outside and from neighbouring buildings. To this end the



DJENAN-EL-MUFTI: TILED APPROACH TO FOUNTAIN COURT.



DJENNAN-EL-MUFTI: ARCADE IN THE FOUNTAIN COURT.

windows and bays of the upper floors are carefully screened by latticed meshrebeeyehs, whence the dark-eyed beauties of the hareem might gaze unseen upon the busy life of the streets, or the ceremonies and entertainments of the courts below.

The approach to the hareem is usually arranged from a special court, or if only one exists, in the part most remote from the entrance to the house. It is usually through a dark vestibule with a seat for the porter, carefully planned to prevent a direct view being obtained into the building. The principal apartments look into the court, over which a tent cover is stretched upon festive occasions. Around the courts are one or more open halls. The chief one, facing the north, is furnished with wooden benches on three sides, and is either on a level with the court or raised by one or two steps. This apartment is used for the reception of people

taste and reject their own traditional forms of ornament for the tawdry vulgarities of *l'art nouveau*. It is much to be regretted that the older style of house building, which is entirely suitable to the requirements of a climate where outdoor life is so much resorted to, and at the same time is so beautiful, should have given place to buildings in the modern French style.

Convinced that an effort should be made to preserve some permanent record of these villas before they are all swept away, the late Mr. W. F. Unsworth spent the last winters of his life in making plans and measured drawings of many of the old Moorish houses, some of which are used to illustrate this and the succeeding article. All honour, then, to those of the residents who in building their villas have kept alive the old traditions of the country. Not a few of the French, and also the English, winter residents in the

suburbs of Algiers have wisely adopted the Moorish style of building. Though externally of extreme simplicity as to its main parts, it groups admirably with the evergreen trees of the country and with the gorgeous flowers that the climate is capable of producing.

It is fitting here to recall the name of an English architect, Benjamin Bucknell. Algiers owes much to him for preserving in its purity the characteristics of the local architecture in the masterly manner by which he has given new life to all that is best of the old Moorish work. Visiting Algiers some twenty-five years ago in search of health, and without any definite idea of remaining, he was so charmed with the country that he settled permanently, and with singular knowledge and good taste adapted Moorish art to modern requirements.

The many beautiful villas in the neighbourhood of Algiers which he built or reconstructed are evidence of his high talent and knowledge of craftsmanship. After restoring several small Moorish houses, one for a native shcik—for the Algerians showed a keen appreciation of his work—he was entrusted with the restoration of an old Moorish palace known as the Mufti, a work to which he devoted his powers for several years. His death in 1895 was a loss to Algiers and to his art.

Djenan-el-Mufti, in Mustapha Supérieur, the residence of Mrs. E. W. Arthur, was built between the years 1590-1593 by Hadj-Chaban Pasha, who was later recalled to Constanti-

nople and became Bey of Cyprus. The present owner has succeeded in restoring the best characteristics of the Moorish architecture in a most praiseworthy manner, and the gardens are maintained in a state of perfection which is the final charm of all good gardens.

The house is built upon a hillside and the ground is therefore laid out in terraces connected by quaint little stairways lined with old tiles. It is perhaps the best known garden at Mustapha, for it is upon a larger scale than most of the others. The order in which it has been kept and the careful attention it has received for many years render it most attractive. In the conditions of climate and soil the difficulty is to control luxuriance of growth, and even in this garden one is apt to feel that some of the most interesting features of the architecture have been marred by an overwhelming luxuriance of creeping plants.



DJENAN-EL-MUFTI: TILED WALL FOUNTAIN.

of lower social rank and for the transaction of business of an everyday character. The men's principal reception room is generally of a more private character, and both in its architecture and decorations resembles the drawing-room of the hareem. Upon the first floor in more important houses is the principal indoor reception room, with an open front towards the courtyard.

Few of the beautiful old Moorish houses have withstood the wear and tear of time and the shocks of earthquakes. Many have been pulled down and their decorative features sold or even pilfered by the tasteful traveller. Many of those that remain seem doomed to early ruin where they are not already wrecked beyond repair. For this sad state of affairs we fear that Europeans have often been to blame, and the richer native classes, considering imitation the sincerest form of flattery, are assiduous in following the prevailing

A reference to the plan shows that the garden is decidedly formal, but this regularity is only apparent on paper, and is counteracted by the variety of the levels and the irregularity of the planting of palms, cypresses, and flowering shrubs.

From the house we pass beneath the guard-room and find ourselves in the fountain court paved with tiles, and cloistered on all sides with delicate spiral shafts of exquisite moulding, which support a light arcade of pointed arches. The

walls are richly encrusted with Tunisian tiles of very fine design representing an arcade supported on columns with conventional vases and flowers, and panels of the same material serve as an effective contrast to the whitened walls. Although the Moors did not succeed in producing any tiles that could approach the beautiful examples from Persia and Rhodes, they knew how to appreciate the value of those

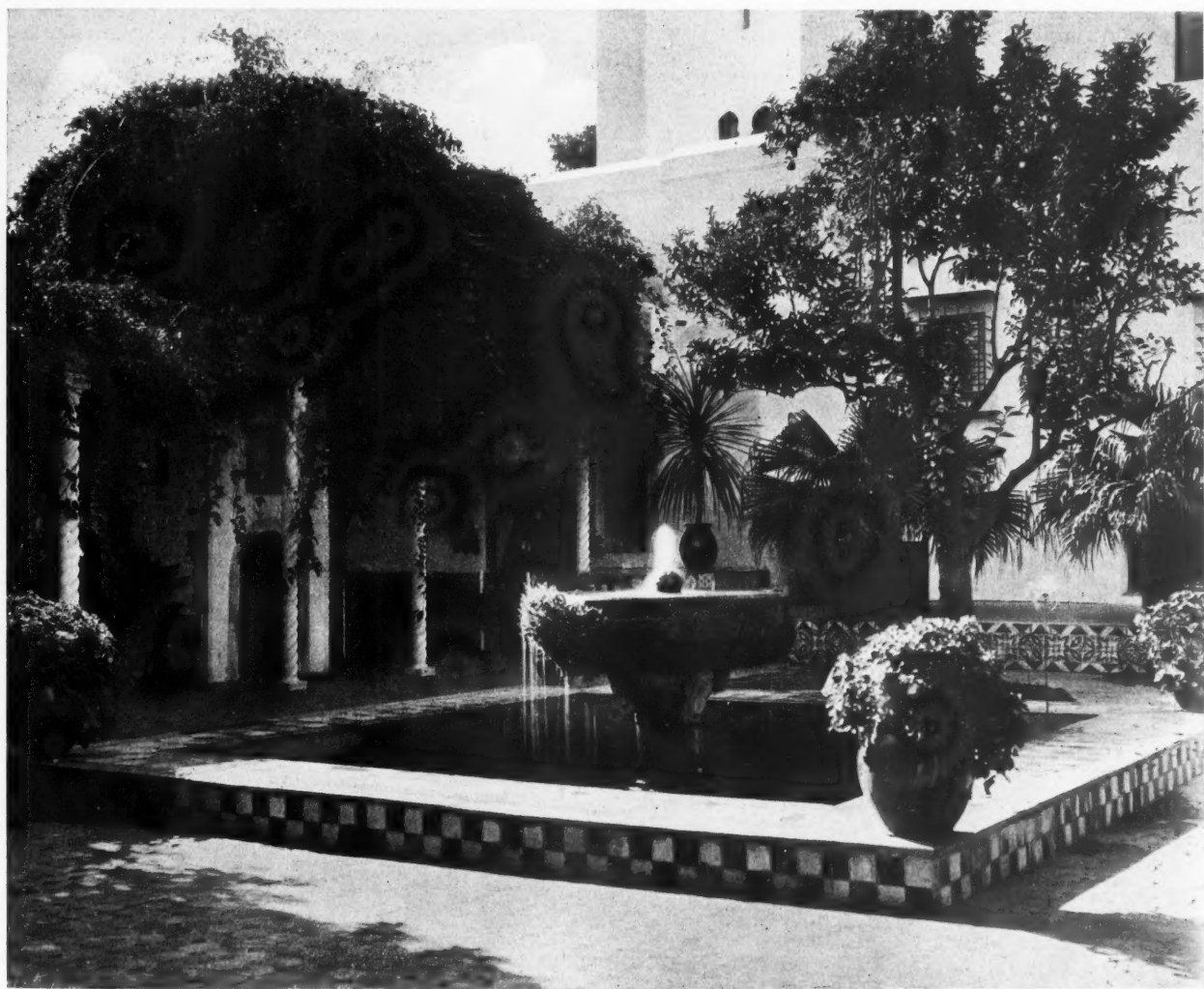
prisoners, and there is a pathetic interest in discovering the name of an Englishman inscribed among the decorations at Djenan-el-Mufti—"John Robson, with my hand this 3rd day Jany in the year 1692."

The fountain court is extended a short distance to form a terrace overlooking the Orangery and the azure sea beyond. A square pool slightly raised above the pavement contains

they imported, and gave them the place of honour, enframing them in plaster arabesques. The decorative forms used in the ornament of plasterwork are generally poor in composition and of little variety; but, as in English work of the Elizabethan age, the crudeness of form is softened by the application of coats of white-wash, giving an indecision that successfully masks their poverty of design. Everywhere we see the influence of foreign culture, for most of the craftsmen were



SUMMER-HOUSE IN ORANGERY GARDEN.



DJENAN-EL-MUFTI: THE FOUNTAIN COURT.

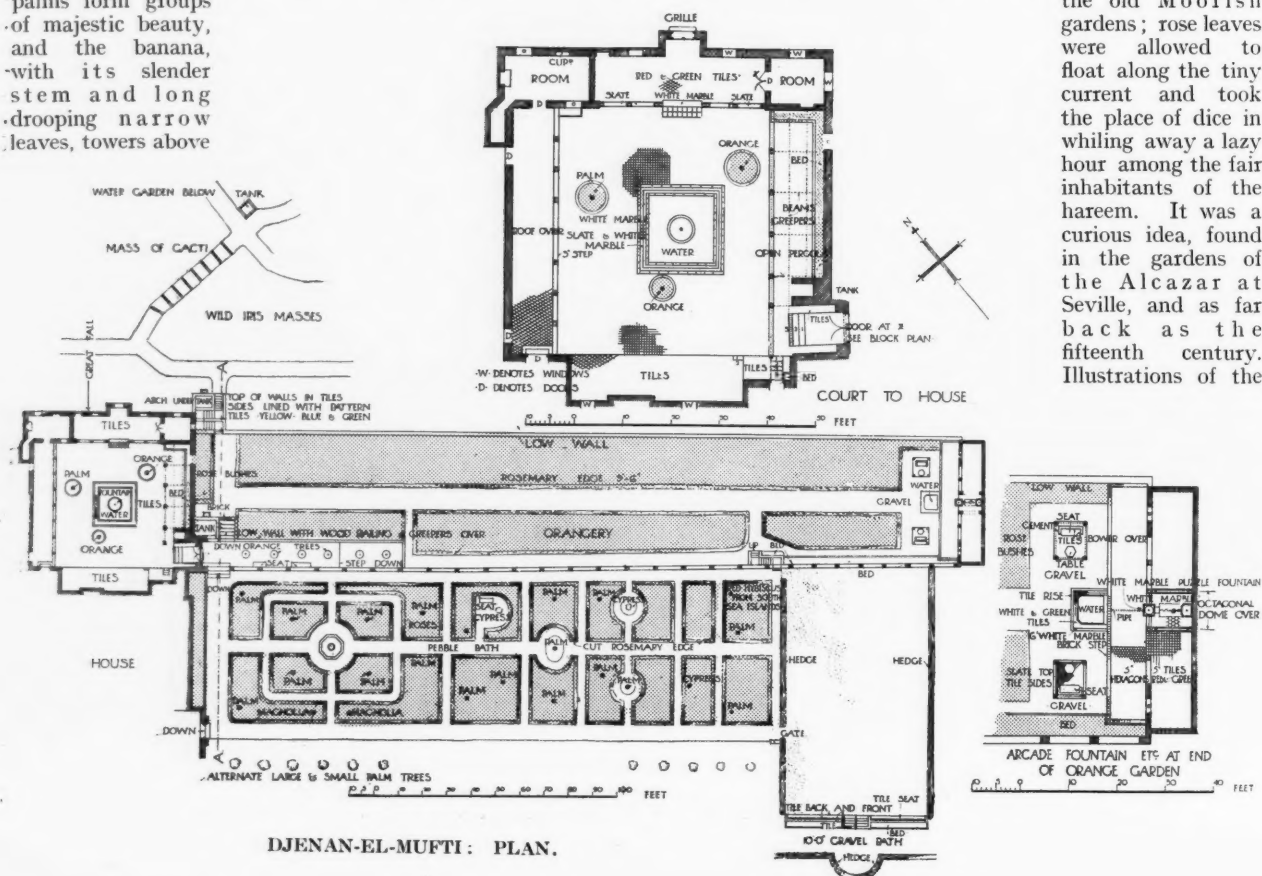
a massive circular fountain with its ever refreshing murmur of falling water. Glazed pots of geraniums stand at the four corners of the pool, and graceful feathery palms and the darker foliage of orange trees stand silhouetted against the high white walls of the house. From the courtyard a few steps lead to the upper gardens set out in formal beds and edged with neatly cut rosemary, its cool green contrasting well with the red-ochre coloured earth. The beds contain a fine variety of semi-tropical plants. Magnificent bougainvilleas in masses of richest purple or brick red colouring form vivid contrasts with groups of cypress and palm, the scarlet hibiscus with its almost transparent flowers, the strelitzia, reminiscent of the gay plumage of the parrot, daturas, Japanese medlars, bamboos, prickly pears draped and festooned with clematis cirrhosa, and the brugmansia with great white trumpets. Date palms form groups of majestic beauty, and the banana, with its slender stem and long drooping narrow leaves, towers above



TILED FOUNTAIN IN THE UPPER GARDEN.

the orange and lemon trees whose golden fruit shows brightly among the dark green foliage. Poinsettias grown as standards are a mass of scarlet glory at Christmas. Ipomœas, crimson and blue, and bignonias ramble among the trees and shrubs. Amid all these glories of plant life an octagonal tiled basin with sparkling fountain jet imparts music to the garden and forms its gayest ornament.

The orangery garden on a rather lower level has a long rosemary bordered walk beneath an avenue of oranges terminating in a little square tiled pool where gold fish hide among the delicate reeds of the papyrus. Behind is the arcaded garden house with an exquisite marble and tiled wall fountain. The water ripples from a bronze tap to a low basin and thence overflows through a maze-like groove cut into a single slab of white marble. This form of grooved slab known as a puzzle fountain was a favourite device in the old Moorish gardens; rose leaves were allowed to float along the tiny current and took the place of dice in whiling away a lazy hour among the fair inhabitants of the harem. It was a curious idea, found in the gardens of the Alcazar at Seville, and as far back as the fifteenth century. Illustrations of the



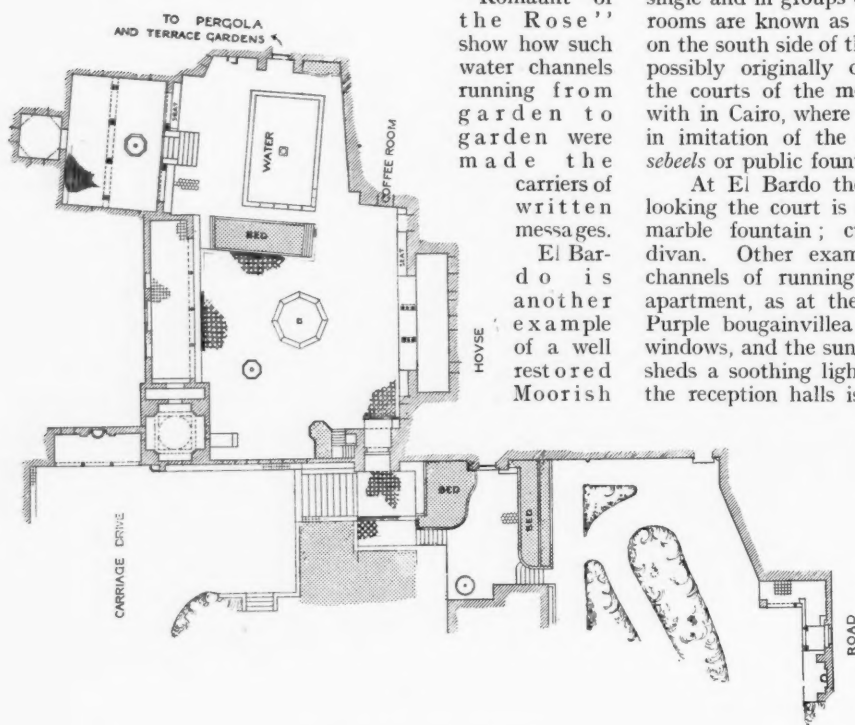
DJENAN-EL-MUFTI: PLAN.



EL BARDO: LOWER GARDEN AND PERGOLA.



THE COURTYARD AT EL BARDO.



PLAN OF EL BARDO.

house. It is approached from the carriage drive by a broad flight of black marble steps with "risers" in blue and green tiles.

Entering through an archway beneath a whitewashed *mirador* we find ourselves in an irregularly shaped court surrounded by oblong reception rooms, each provided with an open arcade with horseshoe arches and slender columns,

"Romaunt of the Rose" show how such water channels running from garden to garden were made the carriers of written messages.

El Bardo is another example of a well restored Moorish

single and in groups of two and three. In Arab houses such rooms are known as the *Mak' ad*. They are usually placed on the south side of the court so as to face the north, and were possibly originally derived from the arcades surrounding the courts of the mosque. They are frequently to be met with in Cairo, where they are often placed on the first floor in imitation of the belvederes or open galleries over the *sebeels* or public fountains.

At El Bardo the largest of the three apartments overlooking the court is a sort of summer salon with a central marble fountain; cushioned seats on three sides form a divan. Other examples we have seen have little open channels of running water freely circulating through the apartment, as at the Alhambra and the Alcazar at Seville. Purple bougainvillea is trained over the lattice covering the windows, and the sun, shining through the masses of flowers, sheds a soothing light into the apartment. At the back of the reception halls is a delicious little *Koubah*, divanized on all sides and with a mysterious pierced metal lamp hanging from the ceiling.

The raised flower beds are bordered by low walls of gaily coloured tiling, and the whole court is paved in black and white marble squares. The quaint old Coffee Kitchen is arranged in a corner of the courtyard. It has been conscientiously restored, and its rows of shining pots are arranged on a kind of sideboard with tiled sides. Here are the pestle and mortar for pulverising the berries, and quaint Mussulman charms rudely painted on the wall.

At one end of the loggia is the delightful little sitting room *Le Salon de la favorite*, with woodwork delicately treated in pale green, blue, and red brown. Four windows overlook the garden at the east end of the court, and above the arched entrance gate is the room where the guard was placed to watch the ladies of the harem.



THE LOGGIAS AT EL BARDO.

Any absence of colour in the plant life is more than compensated for by the richly tiled wall surfaces. A central fountain in an octagonal pool reflects the blue sky, and a large water tank beyond forms an ideal home for the graceful feathery papyrus. High white walls are clothed with a variety of bougainvillea, plum-bago and cluster roses; and the tall, battered looking banana, the latania,

phoenix and other palms preserve all the truly Eastern features of a garden of the Arabian Nights.

H. INIGO TRIGGS.



EL BARDO: INTERIOR OF COFFEE-ROOM.

LITTLE FISHES AND FASCINATION.

AT one end of the esplanade at Sidmouth there is a stone breakwater, and at right angles with it rises the precipitous red cliff, and, as the sea at high tide runs up to the cliff, the water is pretty deep in that sheltered spot. Coming down early one morning, when the tide was at its full, I found an incredible multitude of little fishes covering the surface of the water. They were everywhere packed so close together as to appear one dark uniform mass, or a scum, or like a black blanket spread over the entire triangular area. And from that shelter they were not to be driven. Bending down I began moving my stick-point about in the water, but touched no little fish, as they opened a way for the stick and closed up again behind it.

Presently two children, a boy and girl, came to the pier and, after seeing the fishes and what I was doing, thought they would do something better. There was a heap of loose stones on the parade close by, and going to it they began bringing some from 2lb. to 3lb. or 4lb. in weight to the pier, then when they got a dozen or twenty stones they started throwing them in. It was all for nothing; the stones and the tremendous splash they made caused no panic and hit no little fish in all that close-packed crowd, for with marvellous quickness they made way for each stone as it fell and then instantly closed up again. But from the spot they would not move. Meanwhile a small skye-terrier had come down to look on too and have a bit of fun, and during the stone-throwing grew more and more excited and finally jumped into the water and began swimming about. No sooner had he touched the water than the fishes, instead of opening to make room for him, vanished completely from sight. Nothing but the clear green sea water was now visible where it had all been black a moment before. Presently the little dog found his way out by going to the foot of the cliff, and no sooner was he gone than once more the black blanket covered the surface again! I encouraged the little dog to jump in again, and once more the fishes vanished, and I then saw that no sooner did the dog touch the water than they sank like lead to the bottom and remained there, hiding the yellow pebbles with their blackness as long as the dog remained swimming on the surface. When he came out a second time they again rose swiftly to the surface.

The curious thing was that all these thousands of little creatures had acted spontaneously and simultaneously, as if moved by one mind, in two different ways: first when stones were flung into their mass, and secondly when the dog jumped down upon them. A wonderfully sure instinct had told them that the stone was a stone—a piece of matter without a mouth

and a stomach which would sink to the bottom and do them no hurt. They knew how to save themselves from a falling stone. In the same way, instinctively they knew that a dog was a living creature, and their inherited knowledge is that all creatures that fly above and swim on the water are their relentless enemies and devourers. Their instinct cannot distinguish a dog from a cormorant or gull or guillemot.

But what if a cormorant instead of the small dog had dropped upon

them? They would have gone to the bottom in the same way and the bird would have followed them and gobbled up as many as he could hold, but he would not have made them go out of their refuge. All a cormorant or a dozen of his kind could devour would have been but an insignificant fraction of that immense multitude, and they knew instinctively that just outside a deadlier enemy was waiting for them. I believed that when the tide went out they would spread themselves along the coast and drift away in a long thin procession, keeping as close to the beach as possible until they arrived at some creek or inlet which would serve as their next refuge. Meanwhile their enemies would probably disperse or move away on some other quest. But it did not happen so.

On the following morning, when walking on the esplanade, I noticed that the incoming tide was throwing up a multitude of little fishes on the shingle. They were alive and when thrown out leaped about in the liveliest manner, and when I picked one up and put it back in the sea it made off like lightning. Yet they were continually being washed up, although the sea was perfectly calm and the waves that formed and broke on the beach had but a gentle motion. Hundreds of thousands were being thrown out until they formed a silvery band on the shingly beach reaching the whole extent of the front.

Whether or not more were cast up by the night tide I do not know, but on the following day at noon every wave cast up more little fishes, the survivors of yesterday, hundreds of thousands of them, and once more the silver band, about three-quarters of a mile long, appeared on the shingle.

Their persecutors of the day before had not gone away; when the cloud of small fry had been driven from their refuge by the ebbing tide they had spread out along the coast, and their enemies too had then extended their line and continued their presence. Paralysed or hypnotised with terror they dared not turn their heads to the sea when the waves broke on the beach, but were lifted and thrown out on the shingle like so much dead matter.

The following day saw the end, when the remnant was cast out and formed a thin faint silvery band on the beach. The entire numberless multitude had perished! And what a waste of life! A waste, that is to say, from the point of view of the human animal, who regards a fish as a being created for his sustenance and does not like to witness its wholesale destruction at this early stage.

The spectacle I had witnessed, the fishermen told me, was a not uncommon one: it was an object lesson which, one would imagine, could not fail to enlighten them. Yet here on this very coast a great outcry has been raised by the fisher folk about the cormorant, and its extermination was decreed on account of its destruction of fish. Again, we have seen on the east coast that the existence of an insignificant colony of terns has made the fishermen of Aldeburgh very unhappy during the last four or five years; they have repeatedly petitioned the Suffolk County Council to withdraw their protection from this colony. The terns, they affirmed, devoured all the sprats—at all events the sprats had vanished and the fishermen would have to starve. The sprats had vanished, but last season they

returned in numbers never witnessed before, and such quantities were taken that in London and all the large centres throughout the land they were retailed at a penny a pound or three pounds for twopence. They were far in excess of the demand.

I think the Cornish people on the coast are not so ignorant of fishes and their mysterious ways, or not so hopelessly stupid as Suffolk people. There are ten fishing birds on the Cornish

coast to every one on the Suffolk coast, but when the pilchards fail to appear in August and September the gulls and gannets are not blamed. The fact is the entire amount of fish consumed by the fishing birds on our coasts—gulls, terns, gannets, guillemots, auks, puffins, and cormorants—is a negligible quantity, a mere nothing compared to the amount of fish consumed by fishes.

W. H. HUDSON.

WASTE LANDS AND MODERN METHODS OF RECLAIMING THEM.—VIII.

BY HENRY VENDELMANS, ING. AGRIC.

THE figures given in the calculations in the preceding articles refer to the very poorest soils, such as sandy wastes and marshes. Whenever we find land of better quality we shall obtain more favourable results, and this is the kind of ground which chiefly exists in England.

We may add that we have estimated the crops at the very lowest value, and that in reality they will fetch a much better price. As a matter of fact, the crops obtained in this case may be regarded as of the very best quality, and everyone knows that no one would sell them at the prices quoted. Taking, then, the extreme conditions—that is to say, the figures considered as rather too high in fixing the net cost and too low in the sale of the produce, and that in soil such as we shall rarely find in England—we cannot complain of the results.

Once the earth is worked and supplied with humus it will be very simple to work during subsequent operations. It will easily retain the fertilising materials with which it will have been dressed, and it will always hold sufficient moisture for the requirements of the plants. After the introduction of humus, darkening the sandy soil, the absorption of the sun's heat will be facilitated, and the land consequently will be more forward.

We think, then, we can say that in each case there is a means of finding an economical solution. But as each instance constitutes a particular case, we shall have to apply a suitable average and to treat them according to circumstances.

We shall be glad to have an opportunity of seeing the sites for reclamation (and they seem to be numerous enough) where the undertakings have been a failure; for the blame must not always be put on the soil or on the climate when the enterprise ends unfortunately: perhaps it is from some other reason. We cannot believe in each case, as has been said, that many years must elapse before one understands a soil; on the contrary, it is very easy to do so, if one will only take the trouble to examine it.

In many cases large sums have been lost in the work of improvement, and there is truly room for surprise that it is possible (unless one has begun without consideration a business of which one knows nothing, which one has insufficiently studied, and where one has not taken into account what is of importance, namely, that there must be certain risks which one has to run) that such sums can be swallowed up.

We repeat that the bad results, or the lack of results, obtained until now, are not a proof of the impossibility of getting a profit out of these soils, but rather proof that the method followed was bad.

In the case of previous failure, it will be interesting to call attention to the possibility of making the trials on a small scale. This is often commendable. It permits the person responsible for the work to familiarise himself with it, and this in itself is an element of success. It is sufficient to make a complete study, reserving the actual work for later, when proofs will have been furnished as to the possibility of reclamation, by trial on a small scale. If this had been done in times past, so much money need not have been wasted.

We have known of more than one person, enthusiastic over the work done by a motor-plough, buy it immediately, only to find a little later that it was not suitable for the soil for which it was intended. But to conclude from that that the motor-plough is no good is ridiculous, and if the check had not cooled the purchaser's enthusiasm, it would have been possible, perhaps, to adapt it to its surroundings by fitting it with double wheels (two wheels side by side)

instead of the ordinary ones, which are unsuitable to the country.

Many soils in England, covered with poor grass and now waste or semi-waste, will be found in situations favourable for again taking them into cultivation. There will be no stones to hinder the plough or spoil the farm implements. Besides, they really are not so poor as is sometimes made out, and a simple treatment with chemical manures will be sufficient to bring on the crops.

We can explain better now than previously why certain owners are so little disposed to undertake the cultivation of their waste lands; they remember past mistakes, and it is the infatuation of these apparently unalterable but mistaken processes which obstructs the development of the land.

They have done expensive rather than rational work, spending a great deal of money in some cases. They have thought it necessary to carry out costly undertakings, they have tried to conquer difficulties they have met by spending a great deal of money, and they have found the most expensive way of arriving at negative results. Of course the possibility of being able to command sufficient money will help one to arrive at results, and that in every case; but only on condition that the money is employed as economically as is done when one has to borrow the sum necessary to do the work.

In all reclamation, unproductive work ought to be reduced to a minimum, and every process should tend to the improvement of the soil. Everything else can come later, when the value of the output justifies further expenditure.

In certain cases people have limited themselves to the work of drainage—ruinous, it is true—and of liming, believing that by these two things alone they can obtain marvellous and sure results, without asking themselves if the soil lacks the fertilising materials essential to the growth of the plants. We think that it would be interesting to treat some of these holdings whereon mistakes have been made, because some of the work which has already been done could then be utilised. All previous drainage work would be useful. The same thing applies to previous road making; the clearing of rocks and stones is advantageous; but in general we will refuse to begin making a road which will cost 10s. a yard or more before starting on the cultivation of the land. It is not the road which renders cultivation possible, but cultivation which will justify the making of the road.

The great argument against the reclamation of waste land is, then, the money which has been lost heretofore. That, one can say, is no argument. It only seems to prove that the methods of working have been defective. Consequently one must resort to other methods. Besides, if the earth is really responsive to treatment—and nine times out of ten examination will prove that it is—a previous mistake ought not to hinder its improvement. One failure does not argue that improvement is impossible. It is like a trial in which the cause was good, but which has been lost by a mediocre counsel in the first case, but against which one can appeal.

Expounding our method of treatment we have had, in the opinions of some people, to go too slowly, because we show no returns for a year. However, it is essential that should make poor soil capable of carrying crops by introducing the lacking humus and supplying lime to remove the acidity, and give P_2O_5 and water to make the ground fertile.

We have, in fact, to put everything into the soil because everything is lacking. We have, then, adopted the only method possible in poor soils. If this method is a little slow, it is after all sure; it takes a year, but after the year we shall find all our expenses repaid. How would it have been

possible in the soil in question to have obtained crops immediately? When in its natural state it could neither retain the necessary moisture nor even the chemical manure which would have been applied for lack of humus. We must then begin by introducing this humus in the most economical form, and we have shown that this is only possible by means of lupines.

But when we have proved the possibility of getting our expenses back in the second year, or even more in the third year, from the worst soils, this seems too quick. That argument seems to me to prove two things, that the two opinions are difficult to reconcile, and also that the holder of one of them does not understand the system of handling this kind of soil.

The important point will always be in finding the most economical way of ploughing and of applying chemical manures. Very often these are applied all wrong and at random, and do not give the results expected.

This has discouraged many persons and made them think that the large quantities of chemical manure employed

do not pay. Cases of using too much chemical manure are very rare, but there are many cases of the injudicious employment of this manure.

The question of the quantity and quality of chemical manure which we must employ will constitute the principal difficulty. Economy will partly rest, then, in the employment of the right manure and the application of the right quantity at the necessary depth of the soil, and at a favourable season. When we have got as far as that, and have done the other work on an equally economical basis we can await results with confidence.

But we are glad to say that by far the greater part of the soil here does not require the least favourable treatment in its entirety. In much of the heather land there is a great quantity of humus, therefore one can apply to it the most advantageous treatment, giving in consequence the best results at the least cost.

We repeat, then, that it is possible to grow wheat where hitherto only heather has flourished, and we are ready to prove that this is so whenever occasion arises.

WHAT NOTTS AND DERBY HAVE DONE FOR THE WAR.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—II.

THE Sherwood Foresters earned the characteristic English name in the Peninsula of the "Old Stubborns." They are men of the short, broad shouldered, deep chested order, with a burr to their speech, an immovable stubbornness in their hearts. An officer in Nottingham said that he would sooner lead a regiment of colliers than any other regiment in the service. "Their contempt for death," he said, "is quite extraordinary; and as for danger, there's nothing on earth that can shake their nerves." We may well remember the action of Lance-Corporal Fuller, a pony lad from the pit known as Crown Farm—how he approached a trench with some fifty Germans in it holding a grenade in his hand, how he killed a few of the enemy with this weapon and then calmly called upon the remainder to surrender, arresting the lot of them and marching them back to the British lines, thereby earning the Victoria Cross. Two ambulance men from the same pit have also earned distinctions, getting wounded men out of a heavy fire with so imperturbable an air of gravity that the soldiers laughed to see it. They learned their work at the pit. In all the best pits—and near Mansfield they have the record pit of the world—there are men trained in ambulance work, trained to face the most nerve-shaking disasters and to save life calmly and carefully when the whole world appears to be bursting about their ears.

To show the spirit of the men in the Sherwood Foresters a little watchmaker came to Captain J. A. Green, who has done admirable work in recruiting, and handed over to him the discharge of his great-grandfather, who fought at Waterloo. "Will you be so good," he said, "as to keep this paper for me, in case I don't come back from the war?" And then he added, "If my son grows up a good lad I'd like you to give it to him when he reaches man's age; but if he doesn't grow up a good lad, I'd like you to keep it."

The "Fighting Forty-fifth," now the 1st battalion of the Sherwood Foresters, have a great record as part of the "Fighting 3rd Division" in the Peninsular War, and carry on their colours the victories of Roliça, Vimiera, Talavera, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Orthez and Toulouse.

It is said that they were annihilated more than three times over on the Peninsula, and that when at Waterloo (which they missed) a regiment gave way in their attack, Picton cried, "If the Forty-Fifth had been there they would not have wavered." There has been no wavering when, after sixteen years of foreign service, they joined the fighting line in France, where their first action was Neuve Chapelle. In the winter, however, two men had won the Distinguished Conduct Medal for daring reconnaissances under fire—Sergeant Miller and Private Penn. The Sherwoods were brigaded with the Worcesters, East Lancashires and Northampton in the 24th Brigade of Major-General Davies' 8th Division in the 4th Corps, which was in Sir Douglas Haig's First Army.

The brigade attacked on the morning of March 10th from the Neuve Chapelle—Armentières highway. "I don't know where the artillery got all their guns from," wrote a private of the Sherwoods, "but it was deafening while they were pell-melling the German trenches. When we got to the point of attack we opened out in one line. Then came the order of 'fix bayonets.' We all had a slight idea of what to expect; but we *did* give them some lead and steel when we had to charge them, and we found we had gone as far as we possibly dared." All night long they were busy digging themselves in, and the next morning the expected counter-attack developed in force along their front. The enemy came on "like a lot of sheep running loose," in thousands, and the Sherwoods withdrew to a trench about 200 yds. to the rear. But no further German advance was possible; it

was like running their heads against a brick wall. Our second counter-attack followed on their retreat. "We had the order to prepare for a charge and regain our trenches. This we did, and a good scrap ensued. But they did not like cold steel, and they either handed in or made a bold run for it." The German attacks, indeed, were badly co-ordinated, and were not pressed home; and they suffered heavy losses from the individual dash and daring of our bomb-throwers, several of whom won distinction for their work on the 12th, among them Private Jacob Rivers, who twice crept to within a few yards of a number of Germans who were massed on the flank of an advanced company and



Lafayette.

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LIEUT.-COL. SIR J. MILBANKE, V.C.

Fallen in action.

threw bombs at them. He fell in his second bombing attack, the first Sherwood Forester who has won the Victoria Cross. Seven men were given the Distinguished Conduct Medal for their deeds at Neuve Chapelle. Private Whittaker carried ammunition to the trenches across a danger zone of 400 yds. and afterwards brought water to the wounded—friend and foe alike—who were lying in the open; and Sergeant Shortland, with a party of six men, charged a stronger force and drove them from our trenches. Two officers especially distinguished themselves—Lieutenant Dobbie, who led a dashing charge after the Germans had been thrown into confusion by a bombing party, and Lieutenant Shacklock, who, surrounded with his platoon in a fierce German counter-attack, would hear of no surrender, and his men managed to hack their way out, and that though the Germans advanced in such numbers and in such close order "that they seemed to spring up like a dense fog. As soon as one fell another took his place, until our machine-guns lessened them." And yet after the strain of the action at Neuve Chapelle



LT. PATRICIUS CHAWORTH-MUSTERS.

The first-born, died of wounds.

In the Sherwood Forest district is Newstead Abbey, whose owner Captain Roderick Beauclerk Webb, who has just succeeded, has been wounded in British East Africa; and at Annesley, whose history is so closely linked with Newstead, all five sons of Mr. Chaworth-Musters have been serving; and the eldest, Lieutenant Patricius Chaworth-Musters of the King's Royal Rifles, who was wounded at La Bassée, died at Bethune of wounds, and Second-Lieutenant A. Chaworth-Musters has been wounded on the Aisne.

The county has, indeed, done well; it is to be numbered among the areas that have done more than well—the great industrial centres of Lancashire, Birmingham, the Lowlands of Scotland, and the Durham mine fields. It is probable that the disaster to the Belgian colliers stirred the blood of the miners of the Midlands and Durham; for the figures are remarkable even in the early weeks of the war. By December 4,000 men, or one-eighth of the members of the Nottinghamshire Miners' Association, had enlisted. In Nottingham itself, 11,000 recruits had enlisted



LIEUT. A. CHAWORTH-MUSTERS.

The third son, wounded on the Aisne.



LIEUT. P. M. CHAWORTH-MUSTERS.

The fourth is now at the front.



LIEUT. R. CHAWORTH-MUSTERS.

And so is the fifth.

a man of one of their Territorial battalions who had met them after eleven days in the trenches found them "wonderfully cheerful." This Territorial brigade, under Brigadier-General Shipley, consisting of the 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th Sherwood Foresters, joined Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's Army in March, as also the 4th North Midland Brigade of the Royal Field Artillery under Lieutenant-Colonel Gisborne, and of these the 4th Brigade of howitzers have earned great credit for the accuracy of their shooting. These troops are by no means all who have crossed the water from the two counties, for there are Service battalions of the Sherwood Foresters in the Dardanelles.

The first line of the Derbyshire Yeomanry (who have been training in Egypt) and the Sherwood Rangers and the South Nottinghamshire Hussars are serving as infantry in Gallipoli, where Sir John Milbanke, V.C., who was in command of the Sherwood Rangers, has lately fallen in action; but even if this were all, as Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien said, Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire may be proud of the number of their fellow-countrymen who are already in the firing line.

by April since the beginning of the war; in May it was reckoned that Nottingham and Nottinghamshire had sent over 28,400 men to join the colours during the nine months of the war.

The miner who volunteers for service is not only offering his life, like the labourer and everybody else, but is making a real financial sacrifice. The miner works hard to provide his wife and children with a good home, and when he joins the Army he exchanges comparative wealth for comparative poverty. But the miners have made a magnificent response, and for ever after Nottinghamshire may boast of the patriotism, the self-sacrifice and the matchless valour of its colliers. Fifteen hundred men out of 6,500 have joined from one field.

Democracy hereabouts is beginning to think in a new direction, and let anyone tempted to despise the intellect of a working-man set himself down to a discussion on economics with a Nottingham trades unionist. The colliers are out to fight Germany because they know their life in England is better than the life of colliers in Germany. This very practical form of reasoning



LIEUT. J. N. CHAWORTH-MUSTERS.

The second is now in Egypt.

must not be taken as a proof that the men have no blend of unexpressed patriotism in their composition. On the contrary, they are, as a whole, very deeply imbued with

a sense of loyalty to their country, and that they also show a strain of hard common sense is rather a matter for rejoicing.
M. J.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MORE than a dozen times while reading "War and Christianity," by Vladimir Solovyof (Constable), I found myself turning mechanically to the introduction to make absolutely sure that the book was modern. Its voice is that of the Middle Ages. Yet the writer would not have been old if he had still been alive. He was born in 1853 and died in 1901. This book was first published on Easter Day 1900. That it contains references to the Franco-German war of 1870, Russia's subsequent war with Turkey and the American war with Spain confirms the editor's chronology. The conclusion is irresistible. Russia was in the Middle Ages up to 1900, and in many respects is there still. Just consider: here is "her greatest philosopher" avowedly discussing war. He selects for his purpose five typical people of the times—a general, a politician (a father of the Senate), a young prince, and a lady and gentleman from the ranks of society. In order it may be to elucidate his own opinion, he sets them talking of their different views of war. The scene of the discussion is among the groves of Academe, to wit, a villa garden at the foot of the Alps, whence they look down on the depths of the Mediterranean. And academical is the argument!

Solovyof's life was contemporary with that of Nietzsche, and it is most instructive to note the difference between the teaching of the Russian and that of the German. In the words of the former no hint of the events really coming are to be found, save it be that the prophecy of a bold attempt to spread Pan-Mongolism may be a dim anticipation of the war with Japan. His claim to mysticism is placed to his credit, but has appended to it a sneer at the "humanitarian and sentimental West." But the outcome shows that it is safer for philosophy to build upon facts than upon aspirations. The truth might be exemplified by an illustration found near home. Only a few days ago *The Times* published an essay called "The Conflict of Ideals" that embodied the same fundamental error. It is safer to note the hard facts put in other words to discern where the conflict of material interest arises. To get to a right understanding a little healthy cynicism is needed. We know that among individuals the pursuit of material advantage is more constant than faith to an ideal. The latter, indeed, is often invented and far oftener adopted for the purpose of self comfort and applause. How naturally does a successful man believe the doctrine that a man usually gets just what he is worth in this world, while the splendid failure glories in belonging to the small but blessed band of martyrs and confessors who have sacrificed all else that they may offer a pure oblation at the altar of science and truth. There's the crown and the glory. Solovyof is not an evolutionist and therefore did not recognise the natural growth of ideals. If he had lived more on the earth and less in the clouds he would not have failed to notice that his country, like a great slumbering giant, had not been awakened up to highest effort even by the warning of her wars or the adjacency of gaunt revolution. A consequence is that there is no foothold in his book, no solid ground where one can stand side by side with him. If we take the great protagonists in this struggle it will be found that Christianity has little or nothing to do with it. Nietzsche and the professors and historians based their views on the alleged needs of Germany. After the Franco-German war the writers were blown up with pride and arrogance. They were also stimulated to bring a new energy into commerce and, as a commercial nation, made gratifying progress. Also new outlets were in demand. They wormed their way into Russia and coveted its natural resources. In Asia Minor they saw great opportunities and courted the friendship of Turkey so that they might attain them. It surely is not difficult to follow the process of their thoughts with regard to the nations of Europe. France nursing schemes of revenge was a danger of which they wished to get rid. The Russian giant looked like waking up in earnest and threatened to become the greatest and most dangerous of neighbours. Eyes of

covetousness and envy were turned on Great Britain, the greatest Colonial Empire the world had ever seen and the unchallenged mistress of the seas. But covetousness and envy are motives seldom or never avowed. They led to the formation of a mighty army and a fleet that ever grew more threatening, and these proceedings had to be justified to themselves and the world at large. Methods of two different kinds were adopted to this end. One was glorification of everything German, vilification of what was not. England was represented not as the mistress, but as the tyrant of the seas, despite the fact that freedom of laws and freedom of commerce ever followed her flag and did not follow that of Germany. Over France and Russia superiority of Kultur was claimed. But this was only for the gallery, the real intent of Germany has been disclosed by events.

The Patrizi Memoirs, translated by Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (Hutchinson.) IN 1811 Napoleon, who was then King of Italy as well as Emperor of the French, decreed that a number of boys, sons of the Roman nobility, should be sent to France for their education. Two of these were sons of the Marchése Patrizi; they were to go to the military school of La Flèche. Their father, who would rather have seen them dead at his feet than contaminated by French infidelity, refused to let them go. He was arrested and confined in different fortresses for two years, till the abdication of his oppressor brought him relief. Meantime, the two boys were forced to go to France; and their mother, the Marchésà, a princess of the House of Saxony, went with them and lived at La Flèche during the period of their education. It seems that the wickedness of France did not prove so contagious as their father had feared; for the eldest boy became a Jesuit and was "immensely distinguished" as professor at the Sapienza College, and another became a cardinal. The Marchése himself was a type of humanity which could hardly be found outside Rome—a man of high birth and large estates, whose whole horizon was bounded by the Papal court, to whom politics, wit, science, and nature meant nothing at all, whose friends were almost exclusively cardinals or canons, and for whom the health or happiness or intelligence of his children counted for nothing in comparison with their Faith. It is impossible not to respect him for his devotion to his principles; but one feels he must have been a trying companion to anyone but a patrician Prince of the Church. This book was first printed for private circulation; and it is not likely that the ultramontane view which it supports will be acceptable to the public at large, though it is natural enough that Pius X found "very great pleasure" in the perusal of it.

Barnavaux, by Pierre Mille. (The Bodley Head.) ALL who read M. Pierre Mille's "Under the Tricolour"—and it is to be hoped there were many such—will be eager to meet again Barnavaux of the Colonial Infantry. He is the most agreeable rapsallion, and a fine fellow into the bargain, a kind of French Ortheris with now and again a touch of Mulvaney. There is nothing in this book on the same plane as was "Marie faite-en-fer," a story so poignant and so simple as to deserve a place among the greatest of short stories. There is, however, much that is both entertaining and dramatic. It is easiest to describe M. Pierre Mille to English readers in terms of Mr. Kipling, whom he decidedly resembles. So we may say that he has one mood of "Brugglesmith," or "My Sunday at Home," in which he revels in extravagant and hilarious fun. In such a mood he describes how the men of the Foreign Legion, when bidden to pour away all their absinthe, pour it down the well. The result can be easily imagined; even the poor camels are drunk, and the author has the precious gift of describing drunkenness in a way that is "funny without being vulgar." Of the more serious stories "The Blind Man" is told with an admirable terseness and simplicity. An anarchist is determined to evade his military service, and pretends to be blind with such skill and courage as to beat the doctors. When, with his eyes set in an unseeing stare, he walks straight over a precipice with a net put there to catch him, we can hardly bear it. If M. Mille can make us laugh he can certainly make us writhe as well, if he has a mind to it.

Change, by M. P. Willcocks. (Hutchinson.) IT was the chance meeting of a lame pedlar and a young gentleman on a walking tour that set the life of John Starr a-spinning. They sat down under a hedge and talked. Opposite the hedge was a house with windows of coloured glass, through which lights could be seen glowing, and in which, so said the pedlar, were imprisoned six maidens whose father forbade them to wed. Bob Starr's thirst for romance was stimulated, and the upshot was that he succeeded in eloping with Isabella, the only one of the maidens who was slim enough to get through the pantry window. After such a spirited *début*, we hoped to hear more of Isabella. But we are disappointed. She subsides into a sort of statue of whom we catch only a glimpse from time to time through the crack of a door. It is the offspring of Bob and Isabella—John Starr—towards whom our attention is turned. He it is who changes and moves. The other characters sit immobile as rocks, but voluble as a

Greek chorus, and watch and comment on his movements. There is a good deal of spirited conversation in the book—Meredithian in flavour, sound, matter-of-fact, and often amusing in tone. It is in strong contrast to the somewhat misty character of the action. It is difficult to come to grips with the story, or to care who John marries, or whether he accepts his wife, money or not; but our imagination is captivated by a series of delicately coloured pictures like water-colours, two of which towards the end of the book, that of the inside of a convent and a Brittany fishing village, are particularly charming.

The Thing We Have Prayed For, by Arabella Kenealy. (Hurst and Blackett.)

MISS ARABELLA KENEALY'S new book opens with a double wedding. Two sons of a prosperous provincial draper ally themselves with the two daughters of a neighbouring vicar. We overhear a prophecy that the son who has acquired the more worldly daughter of the two has done best for himself, and then the curtain goes down, to rise again twenty-five years later, when we are invited to see for ourselves whether or no the prediction has been verified. We find Richard, the husband of the less worldly daughter, established as a country doctor, with a comfortable, if modest, income and surrounded by family blessings. Philip, on the other hand, of whom better things were foretold, leads the life of a dog, harassed and driven by an ambitious, scheming wife and a selfish mix of a daughter who are for ever urging him on to make more money to gratify their social ambitions. The fathers and mothers are, however, already on the shelf, and it is the fortunes of the two cousins, Pamela and Betty, that we are called upon to follow. Pamela, whose eyes, we are reminded a trifle too often, are like wall-flowers, leads the unambitious life of a country mouse—teaching her young brother and sister, making her own dresses, and indulging in rhapsodies about nature. Betty, on the other hand, egged on, not to say pushed, by her scheming mother, sets out as soon as she emerges from her Parisian school to climb the social ladder. The account of the week she spends at Swindon Castle with her school friend, the Lady Sarah Butterworth—afterwards Duchess of Conway—is a clever satire on the manners of a day that we hope is already passing. A pair of singularly unattractive twins—victims of a Spartan discipline—flit on and off the stage, and afford us an occasional laugh; and the moral sentiments and views on education and women, with which the story is interlarded, give one food for reflection. But we find ourselves wholly baffled by the title and quite unable to guess what it can be—that "thing we have prayed for."

Salute to Adventurers, by John Buchan. (Nelson.)

MR. BUCHAN'S new story has nearly all the elements of romance except romance itself. It is a tale of the adventures of a "long-legged Scotch callant." Quentin Durward was the first and best of the line, but his tradition comes to Mr. Buchan *via* R. L. S. Indeed, the very first sentence is an advertisement that the author has played the sedulous ape to Stevenson: "When I was a child in short coats, a spae wife came to the town-end and for a silver groat, paid by my mother, she riddled my fate." *Aut Scivies aut Diabolus!* When we hear further that the year was 1685, the warning is complete. After a few preliminary incidents in Scotland, the scene is shifted to Virginia, and the grossest youthful appetite is satiated with Redskin trails and fights. One name is on the title page of the book, but the ghosts of many have overlooked the composition. Now it is the inventor of the wild Macgregor and Baillie Nicol Jarvis who guides the pen, anon Fenimore Cooper and Captain Reid, and again R. L. S., only you can never find a trace of Mr. John Buchan, who has very intelligently assimilated what they have done and is serving up the old ingredients in a compound that is not itself

new. Mr. Buchan's title shows him to know that Romance lies not in the adventure, but in the spirit, and it is not here. A minor criticism refers to the use of Scottish dialect. As employed by the great Scottish writers from Dunbar and Blind Harry to Fergusson, Burns and Scott, it was rich in idioms for the expression of what is homely and tender, human and pathetic. Here it is as flat as ditchwater and rich in nothing, neither in spirit nor idiom, a mere imitation of Stevenson's not very successful effort to retain the flavour without puzzling the reader.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

FICTION.

Dearer than Life, by Joseph Hocking. (Hodder and Stoughton, 2s.)
The Generation Between, by C. M. Matheson. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
The Ashiel Mystery, by Mrs. Charles Bryce. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)
The Virgin's Treasures, by Louise Gerard. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)
Demi-Royal, by Ashton Hilliers. (Methuen, 6s.)
The Highwayman, by H. C. Bailey. (Methuen, 6s.)
The Achievements of Richard Furlong, by E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
A Sentimental Pilgrim, by Marion Ashworth. (Chapman and Hall, 6s.)
The Furnace of Iron, by Andrew Firth. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.)
Christian Derrick, by Beatrice Stott. (Chatto and Windus, 6s.)
Guy and Pauline, by Compton Mackenzie. (Martin Seeker, 6s.)
Love on Smoky River, by Theodore G. Roberts. (John Long, 1s. net.)
The Romance of a Red Cross Hospital, by F. Frankfort Moore. (Hutchinson and Co.)
The Money Master, by Gilbert Parker. (Hutchinson and Co., 6s.)
Through Stained Glass, by George Agnew Chamberlain. (Geo. Allen and Unwin, 6s.)
Muslin, by George Moore. (Heinemann, 6s.)
Carfrae's Comedy, by Gladys Parish. (Heinemann, 6s.)
A Moment's Error, by A. W. Marchmont. (Methuen, 7d.)
Montorel. (Iris Publishing Company, 6s.)
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Methuen, 6s.)
Secret History, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen, 6s.)
Looking for Grace, by Mrs. Horace Tremlett. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)
Crainquebille, by Anatole France. (The Bodley Head, 6s.)
On the Side of the Angels, by Harold I. Begbie. (Hodder and Stoughton, 1s.)
The Insulted and Injured, by Fyodor Dostoevsky. From the Russian by Constance Garnett. (Heinemann, 3s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Admirable Painter, Leonardo da Vinci, by A. J. Anderson. (Stanley Paul, 10s. 6d. net.)
Mary's Meadow Papers, by Mrs. Armel O'Connor. (Alston Rivers, 5s. net.)
The Devil's Spawn, by William Le Queux. (Stanley Paul, 1s. net.)
Live Stock of the Farm, edited by Prof. C. Bryner Jones. Vol. II—Cattle. (The Gresham Publishing Co.)
The Homeland Hand Books: Dartmoor, Totnes and River Dart. (Homeland Assoc.)
The Homeland Hand Books: Barnstaple. (Fredk. Warne, 6d.)
Fungoid Diseases of Farm and Garden Crops, by Thos. Milburn and E. A. Bessey. (Longmans, Green and Co., 2s.)
Thoughts on Life and Religion: Writings of Max Muller, by his Wife. (Constable and Co., 1s.)
The Purple Iris and Other Verses, by Walter Phelps Dodge. (John Long.)
Your Income Tax. (Thomas Nelson and Sons, 1s. net.)
Modern Austria, by Virginio Gayda. (T. Fisher Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.)
Attila and the Huns, by Edward Hutton. (Constable, 6s. net.)
North-West Amazons, by Thomas Whiffen. (Constable, 12s. 6d. net.)
Country Sights and Sounds, by G. T. Rope. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)
The Field of Honour, by H. Fielding-Hall. (Constable, 3s. 6d. net.)
Geographical Aspect of the Balkan Problems, by Marion J. Newbigin. (Constable, 7s. 6d. net.)
Legends of Old Honolulu, by W. D. Westervelt. (Constable, 6s. net.)
Indian Memories, by Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B. (Herbert Jenkins, 12s. 6d.)
The Wonder Book of Empire, edited by Harry Golding. (Ward, Lock and Co., 3s. 6d. boards and 5s. cloth.)
The Nineteenth Century and After. (Spottiswoode and Co., 2s. 6d.)
The Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society, edited by F. J. Chittenden. (Spottiswoode and Co., 5s.)
The Thirteen Days, by William Archer. (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 3s. 6d. net.)

PRICES OF TREE SEEDS & SEEDLINGS

OWING to the war there is little doubt that for several years to come adequate supplies of seeds and young forest trees will not be available from their usual sources on the Continent. Vast quantities of both are annually sent to this country from Germany alone, while from other parts of the Continent coniferous seeds in particular are largely imported—in fact, we are almost wholly dependent for both seeds and seedlings on foreign supplies.

Under these circumstances it behoves the owners of woodlands in every part of the country to collect seeds, particularly of such trees as our plantations are mainly composed of, and after being properly harvested, to have such stored away in suitable places till seed-sowing time in the spring. To some extent this will be a new forest industry, though for long both Scotch pine and various hardwooded trees, particularly the oak, ash and elm seeds, have been annually collected on various estates throughout the country, and the young plants raised from such stock have given every satisfaction when planted out permanently.

For several reasons, however, we cannot compete with foreigners in the production either of seeds or raising young forest stock, though for some years to come, owing to the uncertainty of supplies from abroad, both seeds and seedlings are bound to be scarce and expensive.

In the past, far too little attention has been bestowed on the collecting and harvesting of the seeds of trees and shrubs,

the result, in not a few cases, being weak and unhealthy plants and an uneven and irregular crop. The best seeds, it should be remembered, are those collected from healthy trees in the prime of life, and grown under conditions favourable to their perfect development. An unhealthy tree will often bear a heavy crop of seed, but, although the inducements to collect such are great, they should be discarded, those from the most robust specimens in the prime of life being chosen in preference.

Regarding the best way of collecting tree seeds little need be said, the exigency of the case pointing out the best method to be adopted. The seeds of not a few trees may be collected as they fall, and this is especially the case with those of the oak, beech, elm, etc., all of which may be swept into heaps and gathered in quantity from beneath desirable trees.

In the case of the various Coniferae this method of seed collecting will not answer—indeed, in the majority of instances, these should be gathered, or rather picked, from the trees just before they become fully ripe, as in falling the seeds get loose from the cone-scales and are lost. When collecting the cones of coniferous trees, a long, light hooked staff with which to draw the branches towards one can readily procure an abundant supply. A bag or satchel should also be in the possession of the seed collector, and into this may be put such kinds of cones as fall readily apart, and from which the seeds easily escape and are lost.

Sometimes, as in the case of rare seeds and when only a few cones are borne near the top of the tree, the seed collector must have resource to climbing up by the stem and branches : but, in such cases, so as to avoid injury to the bark, he should be provided with a pair of elastic shoes or slippers. Great care is required in the collecting of such seeds as those of *Abies nobilis* and *A. nordmanniana*, the cones, when fully ripe, falling to pieces on the slightest touch. This, however, applies with equal force to almost every species of *Abies*, whereas, with the pines and spruces, the cones remain intact for an almost indefinite period of time, and that, too, although the seeds may have fallen out on becoming ripe.

The proper harvesting of tree seeds rarely, except in the case of experienced nurserymen, receives sufficient attention, although this operation should be as carefully attended to as in the case of the seeds of any form of crop. After being collected the seeds of all trees, unless such as are mixed with sand for the purpose of rotting, should be thinly and evenly spread out in a sunny spot until thoroughly dry. They may then be deposited in a cool, airy place, and in thin layers, until wanted for sowing. An occasional turning is all-important and should never be neglected. The smaller and less common seeds may, for convenience sake, be hung up in calico bags, but they, too, should be occasionally examined to prevent dampness and heating.

The number of plants of various kinds that may be expected from a bushel of seed of average quality varies very much, and may be approximately given as follows : Horse chestnut, 2,500 ; oak, 6,000 to 8,000 ; Spanish chestnut, about 3,000 ; walnuts, 5,000 ; Norway maple, 12,000 ; sycamore, about 12,000 ; ash, 14,000 ; beech, 10,000 ; elm, 1,000 ; birch, fully 16,000 ; holly, 17,000 ; Scotch fir, 9,000. To 1lb. of seed : spruce fir, about 9,000 ; larch, 3,000 ; and the cluster pine, silver fir, and some others, about from 500 upwards.

For convenience in regulating orders for sowing, the following table will show at a glance the approximate and relative number of seeds of the various commonly cultivated forest trees contained in 1lb. weight :

<i>Abies nobilis</i> ..	About 19,400	Norway maple ..	About 4,600
<i>Abies nordmanniana</i> ..	10,000	Oak ..	100
Ash ..	6,800	<i>Pinus austriaca</i> ..	35,000
Beech ..	2,700	<i>Pinus Laricio</i> ..	43,000
Douglas fir ..	95,200	<i>Pinus Pinaster</i> ..	12,000
Horse chestnut ..	36	<i>Pinus sylvestris</i> ..	75,000
Hornbeam ..	9,968	Spruce ..	64,500
Larch ..	65,000	Silver fir ..	14,960
Lawson's cypress ..	131,400	Sycamore ..	4,624
Lebanon cedar ..	10,800	Walnut ..	36

These figures must only be taken as approximate, the seed of various trees of the same species seeming to vary in number to the pound in a marked degree. The results of careful analyses of one or two kinds may be cited as examples. In one case the number of seeds in 1lb. weight of Scotch fir was 69,600, while in another it had increased to 90,600 ; and in the larch the numbers were 33,900 and 68,000. These differences are, however, readily explained by the individual seeds being weightier in one case than in another, probably owing to the age and health of the tree from which they were collected, the situation and exposure to which it was

subjected, etc. However, for all nursery purposes the above figures may be accepted as a fair standard.

The time of collecting and after-management of the different forest seeds vary so much that a brief description of those kinds most commonly planted will be found useful.

Alder seed should be gathered from the trees in October and sown in spring, say May.

Ash seeds are ripe in October, when they should be collected and kept in moist sand during the winter, and sown in March.

Austrian, Corsican, and Weymouth pine seeds are treated in every respect like those of Scotch fir, varying the kiln heat according to the looseness of the cone-bracts.

Beech seeds are collected in October and November, placed in sand, and sown in April. The young plants are readily affected by frost, and should, therefore, not be sown earlier than the time mentioned.

Birch seed must be collected from the trees just before it becomes ripe in August, else it is scattered broadcast and lost for cultivation. March is the time of sowing.

Cupressus lawsoniana seed is usually ready for collecting in October, but should not be sown before the first week in April.

Douglas fir seed is, in most cases, readily removed from well-ripened cones by threshing or by pulling the cone to pieces, but, in some instances, particularly where the quantity is large, kiln-drying is resorted to. The seeds are ripe in December and should be gently watered and sown in May.

Elm seeds are ripe in June, when they may either be sown at once, or dried and kept in stock for planting in March and April.

Hawthorn seed, or berries, may be sown when collected, or the outer coating rotted off by keeping them during the winter in moist sand.

Hazel nuts may be collected in autumn and sown at once, or kept till spring.

Holly berries require to be placed in sand for about eighteen months so as to rot off the fleshy outer coating, and may be sown in March. The mixture of sand and berries, which should be about in equal proportions, must be turned frequently. They are usually sown with the sand in which they have been lying.

Horse and Spanish chestnut seeds may be taken together, the collecting and sowing being nearly alike in both cases. They are ripe by the beginning of November, and may either be sown at once or kept till spring. One seed to 4 square inches will be close enough.

Larch cones, when ripe, are of a rather bright brown colour and require to be collected from the trees. This should not, however, be done till spring, though occasionally they are gathered in December. They part with the seeds far more readily than those of the Scotch fir, and consequently require less heat when in the kiln.

Maple seeds are ready for collecting about October, and should not be sown till the beginning of April.

Mountain ash, indeed all the *Pyrus* family and others of a like kind require the berries to be placed in sand, and when the outer fleshy coating has rotted away they may be sown either in autumn or spring.

Oak.—The acorns may be gathered or swept from the ground in November, and either sown at once or stored away in a cool, dry place till spring. One acorn to every



HARVEST TIME IN THE BEECH WOOD.

four square inches will be ample in the seed bed. Sow in spring or autumn.

Scotch fir cones are better not collected till early in January, but the time may even be extended till March. When quite ripe they have changed from the bluish-green to a light grey colour. As the cones part tardily with the seeds artificial means have to be resorted to. This consists in placing the cones thinly over a kiln heated to a temperature of from 75deg. to 112deg. They should be turned every third hour, and after about thirty hours the kiln should be cooled down and the cones extracted as quickly as possible. By beating with a flail the seeds are readily removed from the cones, but it is best to do this before the cones have cooled down or immediately they are removed from the kiln. The seeds are then swept together and collected, and stored away until wanted for sowing. When not required for sowing at once, the seeds should be thinly spread out on the floor and slightly moistened with water from a fine rose watering-can. They should then be turned about until perfectly dry before being stored away.

Silver fir seed does not require much, if any, artificial heat to cause it to part from the cone. By placing the

cones in the sunshine, and beating and turning freely, the seeds come out without much trouble. In all cases, however, wherever possible, it is wise policy to dispense with artificial heat or kiln-drying as, unless this is carried out most carefully, the vitality of the seeds is greatly impaired.

Sycamore seeds are ready for gathering in October, but should not be sown till the end of March or beginning of April.

Walnuts are collected, when ripe, in autumn, and sown in late spring.

Yew seeds are usually washed of the pulpy matter before being sown.

In the case of large seeds, such as those of *Arancaria imbricata*, *Pinus Sabiniana*, and *P. macrocarpa* the best way is to cut the cones to pieces and carefully remove the seeds; but this should be performed with great care, so that the hard seed coating may not be injured.

With conifers in general I have invariably found it the best plan to allow the seed to remain in the cones until wanted for sowing. By keeping the cones in a cool, dry place, and occasionally turning over, there need be little fear but that the seeds will turn out well.

A. D. WEBSTER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BERKSHIRE ADDENDA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the list of officers serving from Berkshire should be included the two sons of Mr. Walter Crosland of the Grange, Eaton Hastings—Lieutenant H. P. Crosland and Second-Lieutenant W. H. Crosland, who are both serving in the county Yeomanry and were both wounded in the magnificent fighting of the Berkshire and other Yeomanry on August 4th; and the two sons of the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy of Donnington Priory, near Newbury. Captain Alfred Gathorne-Hardy is serving in the 9th Scottish Rifles; and Mr. Geoffrey Gathorne-Hardy, who is a barrister, received a commission in the 1st/4th Berkshires when the war broke out, and gained the Military Cross "for excellent reconnaissance work along the German front, whereby much valuable information has been obtained, notably on June 18th, 1915, when, with a lance-corporal, he crawled out by day and brought back most useful information regarding the German lines."—M. J.

THE WAR LIBRARY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany has again shown her active interest in the War Library by sending us a large consignment of books for distribution to sick and wounded soldiers. As we are sending numerous copies of *COUNTRY LIFE* in our parcels this may be of interest to your readers, and I should be very grateful if you could make mention of H.R.H.'s kindness in your next issue.—M. A. RUTHERFURD.

RACEHORSE STALLION OWNERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 16th August, with respect to the letter which appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*, I consider it reprehensible and inadvisable from every point of view for a stallion owner to take more than about forty mares to his horse; further, that nothing would induce me to send one of the Sledmere mares to a stallion which was allowed to cover more than the well understood number of mares, if I were aware such a course would be adopted.—HENRY CHOLMONDELEY.

THE TAU CROSS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Appreciative as I am of the interesting article on Colleton and Rashleigh, there is one point on which I should like to correct Mr. Baring-Gould. He mentions Colleton as part of a barony belonging to the Courtneys. Now one of the badges of that noble and ancient family was the Tau Cross, and it is the Tau in the quarter of the shield that puzzles him. It simply shows that the Rashleighs had alliance at some time with the powerful Courtneys, or that the estate was included in the barony. It is probable that the Tau was chosen by the Courtneys for a badge owing to their property upon the river having the same sound, an instance of canting heraldry. The Tau is earliest found, as a symbol of eternal life and generation, on Egyptian monuments; it was borne by the god Thoth. The Greeks, and afterwards the early Christians, adopted it. In the middle ages it was a symbol of St. Anthony, and it was used as mentioned above as a badge and crest. The Tau can be seen to-day upon the capitals of columns in Norman church work. Cyprian tells us that the sign of the Tau on the forehead is the mark of salvation. During the Jacobean period, the period of the fine plaster ceilings mentioned by Mr. Baring-Gould, the lighting method was by tallow or wax candles, set in silver or latten candlesticks on the oaken tables; candles in sconces were used on the walls or spaces where the hangings would allow. The idea of lamps hanging from the ceiling points is bizarre; it is more probable that a vase of flowers or a pomander ball to sweeten the apartment was used.—FRABERT.

[Our correspondent makes a good point about the Tau Cross, but there are plenty of Jacobean, and earlier, hanging chandeliers in existence to make it reasonably certain that the pendant eye was used to suspend lights. We

doubt if our correspondent can quote evidence for flowers or a pomander ball being hung in such a position.—ED.]

THE WASTE OF PLUMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can nothing be done to stop the horrible waste of fruit which now takes place? In this district Victoria plums in many orchards are hanging in ropes unpicked, as they do not pay for picking, carriage, and auctioneer's fees if sent to the fruit auctions. Victoria plums in last week's auction sales at Stratford-on-Avon were fetching ridiculous prices, in some cases only 9d. a pot. Yet I receive a letter this morning from a correspondent in Wales who says in the town in which he is staying Victoria plums are priced at 4d. a lb. Something ought to be done to mitigate the discrepancy between wholesale and retail prices. Could not a cold storage house be erected in every fruit district, wherein each grower could hire a "pitch" for his fruit? thus being able to hold back and prevent the present deplorable glut whenever there is a good crop.—FRANCES L. EVANS.

BROWN OWL OR LITTLE OWL?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Reading in your issue of September 11th, I see a correspondent's letter relating to the cry of an owl. Might I suggest that, instead of being the cry of a young brown owl, it is that of the little owl; originating, I believe, in America. These owls are very common in this part of Hertfordshire; while the brown owl is comparatively scarce. The cry mentioned is very often heard here, frequently in the day time; and the owls themselves may often be seen flying in the daylight. They are a little larger than a big thrush and are of a speckled grey colour.—PETER E. C. HARRIS, Buntingford.

AUTUMN'S MINSTREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The year is at the turn! and had we not known it, the robin's intimation would still have been unmistakable. He seems determined to emphasise the fact, and his incessant melodious song gives a fresh character to the season. After the clear joyous notes of the summer songsters his plaintive warblings seem to reach us through an atmosphere laden with mist and hoar frost and to suggest foliage drenched with dew and rain. His little heart seems trying to comfort us as we mourn the departure of long bright days and to beg us to turn our thoughts to Christmas cheer, and its attendant social joys.

The robin is among us once again;
His song seems reaching through the mist and rain.
Cheer up! Cheer up! he really seems to say—
Autumn has come, the year is at the turn,
But I'll be with you through each dreary day
To cheer your heart while yule logs brightly burn!
I'll stay amongst you for another year
Till thrush and blackbird carol "Spring is here!"

—V. S. D.

A TENNIS RULE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I ask you to kindly settle a point of difference which constantly arises at tennis parties where I play. Does a player, standing at the net, who brings his racquet over to the opposite side of the net, commit a "foul" or not? I have heard it vehemently asserted by some that this is legitimate, and by others that it is not. Your decision will meet with general acceptance among those who play in my neighbourhood.—MARLBURIAN.

[The following extract from the Laws of Lawn Tennis, 1915, appears to settle the matter: "The player loses a stroke if he or his racket (in his hand or otherwise) touch the net or any of its supports while the ball is in play; or if he volley the ball before it has passed the net." There is no further rule about the racket being brought over to the opposite side of the net.—ED.]

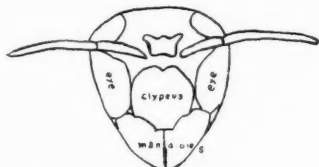
WASPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As wasps are somewhat numerous in my garden this summer, in order to find out whether they all came from one nest I killed and examined a few of them and found they belonged to two species—*Vespa vulgaris* and *Vespa germanica*, which indicated that I must search for at least two nests. As it may perhaps be of interest and service to others I give the most constant marks of difference between the species. If a wasp's head is examined (a

dead one for preference), there will be seen a shield-like plate in the centre of the head, which is the clypeus, and upon it are to be found the markings which indicate the species as herewith. There is also *V. sylvestris*, which has only one spot on the clypeus, but this mark is occasionally absent in this species. *V. norvegica* is similarly marked to *V. vulgaris*, but the former species is more common in Scotland.—ALBERT WADE.

Head of wasp.



Vespa vulgaris.



Worker.



Female.

Vespa germanica.



Worker.



Female.

SHOWING THE POINTS OF DIFFERENCE.

an early sixteenth century brick building, with the octagonal buttresses running up the corners ornamented with panels of flint work. It is such an exceptionally good brick tower for the district that it would be a sin to hide it again with any creeper whatsoever. The outer walls of the new church are building in flint, the mottled greys of which, with the varied reds of the old building, will be a delightful coloured relief in what is a very heavy green leaf setting. No one who is not colour-blind could want to smother up Wargrave Church, even if their architectural taste is too non-existent to appreciate the fabric. This is, not the only church that has suffered, and will suffer, grievous damage by ivy. Is it not time some definite action was taken? Could not the Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings take the matter up with the diocesan surveyors and get them to exercise pressure? It is not right that what are national treasures should be spoilt by the neglect of an incumbent, or the whim of some rich parishioner who rules by reason of his purse.—ALICE MARCON.

A REMARKABLE DUNLIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose herewith a photograph which is, I believe, unique, and may be of interest to your readers. It is a photograph of a dunlin, a shy,



THE SHYEST BIRD CONQUERED BY KINDNESS.

wild bird, taken on a marsh by the sands at Carnforth. The young bird is under the mother's wing. Mr. Murray of Carnforth first tamed the bird to come into his hands by taking the young one, and to him I am indebted for being able to take the photograph. I do not think there is any other instance of the bird being so far tamed—in England, at any rate.—ALFRED COLBECK.

TIFLIS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph represents a Kurdish beggar girl, whose scarlet Turkish fez and brilliantly coloured scarf, worn round her waist, made a gorgeous spot of colour in the sunshine. When I asked her to let me photograph her, she was only too pleased, and told me a man was coming too. The "man" arrived in a few minutes, and proved to be a child of five, most hideously ugly. I had expected the girl's father who was often with her. The other picture is of an old Georgian beggar, who was apparently in the most abject poverty. Almost everyone threw him money in passing. He died, and was found to have 40,000 roubles (£4,000) in money invested in various ways, a small estate in Russia, and another in the Caucasus. No heirs could be discovered, so the crown took everything. After that I gave no more money to beggars (thinking they might be richer than myself) with the exception of a little cripple boy and a Kurdish girl.—E. K. FULLER.



THE BEGGAR MAID OF KURDISTAN.



RICH BUT A MENDICANT.

AMATEUR FRUIT PICKERS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Owing to so many men having joined the colours the fruit growers around Worcester-shire, and especially in the Vale of Evesham, have experienced much difficulty this year in getting adequate labour. In consequence, much of the ripe fruit remains on the trees instead of finding its way to the market. In other respects, so far as gardening is concerned, the season has been good, with excellent crops of fine fruit. Everything that can conceivably be done to meet the requirements of the fruit growers in this dearth of labour is being done, and many amateurs have offered their services. Among them is a large number of ladies—mostly school teachers or graduates of various colleges—but Boy Scouts, Grammar School boys, and wounded soldiers are also helping to gather in the harvest. Needless to say, fruit growers and farmers have gratefully accepted this aid, while the amateur workers have found no small interest and amusement in the novel task, for to many of them it is a very different sort of work from that to which they have been used. Women especially, who are not allowed to fight for their country, have found in the orchards an outlet for their patriotism, and they are gaining a reputation as reliable and capable workers. Moreover, many of them are giving up time which is usually spent on holiday at the seaside, countryside, or elsewhere. The Boy Scouts and schoolboys have also entered zealously into the work and make very steady pickers. These amateurs work from ten to twelve hours a day, and in this time they gather about seven pots (504lb.) of fruit. In contrast, it is of interest to mention that the regular pickers fill from twenty to thirty pots a day. Both amateur and skilled workers receive the same rate of pay, namely, 6d. per pot for "Pershire" plums, 1s. 3d. for damsons, 9d. for Czars, and 4d. for apples. Notwithstanding the fact that the work is at times of an arduous and back-aching nature, the enthusiastic amateurs evidently find enjoyment in their self-imposed duties.—K. W.-T.



SOME YEARLING COLTS.

THE STAR AND GARTER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose some photographs of Shetland ponies which will, I think, interest your readers. The ponies are kindly given us for sale without reserve by Mrs. Priestley Foster of Prestbury House near Cheltenham, in aid of the funds for the acquisition of the Star and Garter Hotel as a home for paralysed and totally disabled sailors and soldiers. The ponies will probably be offered in the last week of October at Knightsbridge Hall, Knightsbridge.

—HOWARD FRANK

[We are very glad to hear that such a practical step has been taken to provide funds for the purchase of the Star and Garter Hotel. There is no need to dilate on the excellence of the Shetland stud from which these ponies



SHETLAND STALLION, GOLDSTONE OF EARLSHALL.

come. They are of unquestionable breeding and pedigree, and include the famous stallion Goldstone with the following mares:

Judy of Cotswold (2592), born 1903, sire Najal (75), dark brown. Has been driven in a team and has had several grand foals. Zoe (75) I.S., born 1906, sire Lord Laughton (173), light bay. Zephyr of Cotswold, born 1910, dam Zoe, sire Frederick the Great (494), light bay. Hilda of Cotswold, born 1911, dam Haroldine (2325), sire Lord Laughton (173), dark brown. Nigmi the Second, born 1912, dam Nigmi (520) I.S., sire Frederick the Great (494), dark brown.

The colts are at least equally well bred. The seven shown are: Cotswold Fox, Joseph of Cotswold, Nettle, Rameses, Jester of Cotswold, Jock of Cotswold and one unnamed.—Ed.]



FIVE MARES IN FOAL TO GOLDSTONE OF EARLSHALL.